

THE AMERICAN Greatest Circulation in the World WEEKLY

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser
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Week of January 18, 1942



Maid in America

by Henry Clive — Verses by Phyllis McGinley

No. 1— The Puritan Girl

The gentle glance that Prudence
wears
Is decorous and level.
Since Prudence Puritan forswears
The World, the Flesh, the Devil.

She does not hold with airs or acts
That fetch the casual suitor,
But twirls the wheel and spins the
flax
And cleans the shining pewter.

Till, early on the Sabbath day,
With heart absurdly beating,
She dons her frock of decent
gray
And hurries off to Meeting.

The preacher's sermon shakes the
aisle.
She ponders well upon it.
But now and then a secret smile
Escapes beneath her bonnet.

And there's a lad, you may be
sure,
Who spies that fleeting dimple.
For Pilgrim maids, however pure,
Were not, I wager, simple.



Even London's World-Famous Hyde Park, Like Hundreds of Acres of Public Land All Over Great Britain, Will Blossom With Little, Family Vegetable Gardens.

Try This With Your Spare \$200

Americans live in a country that stretches from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific and from the Canadian border to the Rio Grande. Their homeland is more than 3,000,000 square miles in area. If it was necessary, and all of our tillable land were put to work growing food—this country could comfortably feed the whole Western Hemisphere.

Because we live in such a tremendous and fertile country, many Americans do not realize what a problem England is up against to keep its citizens well fed these days. The area of England is less than 51,000 square miles and the island is more than thickly populated, mile for mile, than the United States.

Scotland measures only a little more than 30,000 square miles. There are 40,000,000 Britons and 5,000,000 Scots and there just isn't enough farm land available to keep these people going in peacetime, to say nothing of wartime. Britain has always imported a great deal of its food, much of it from the Scandinavian countries, France, Holland and Belgium. Since the Nazis took over these lands Britain has had to look elsewhere for supplies.

The United States, Canada and the other British Dominions and South America have sent—and are still sending—shiploads of food to the Island Empire. But not all of this stuff reaches its destination and the Battle of the Atlantic is making the job a tough one.

The British Government knows that its soldiers and civilians must have enough to eat—but it also knows that every ship bringing food can't carry munitions, planes, tanks and guns, which also are essential to Great Britain's existence.

So the English are trying, in every way they know, to grow as much food as they can on their relatively small and overpopulated island.

Next spring, according to present plans, more than a million and a half English men, women and children will plant small vegetable gardens, each about one-eighth of an acre in area, on public and private grounds.

Plans are already completed to transform public parks, including London's famous Hyde Park, university campuses, golf courses and the lawns of private estates into post-card farms so that Britain can come closer to feeding itself in the emergency.

Uncle Sam has been asked to help out in this movement by supplying seeds. The British War Relief Society, with the endorsement of the American Red Cross, the National Grange and other organizations in this country, is appealing to Americans to send the folks overseas about 350,000 pounds of vegetable seeds for a whole year.

The drive to help England feed itself was opened the other day by Samuel A. Salvage, Honorary Chairman of the British War Relief Society, at the Society's Headquarters, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City. He explained that, for \$1, a package of tested seed made up of ten varieties of vegetables can be sent overseas and, planted on the little pint-sized plots of land, can keep an English family in vegetables for a whole year.

The United States Department of Agriculture is taking an active hand in this movement to help England feed itself by giving expert advice on the kinds of seed which can be grown successfully in English soil and climate.

In a folder which will be sent to thousands of people in this country The British War Relief Society explains bluntly the urgent necessity for assisting England to grow more green stuff within its own constricted borders.

The appeal says in part: "The battle for food is one of Britain's crucial jobs, as vital in its own sphere as the drive for tanks and guns. Food is rigidly rationed. Malnutrition and the many evils that follow it lay siege to the bodies and the spirits of men, women and children.

"Britain is fighting this battle against hunger on a nationwide front. The ploughshares has turned up great parks, centuries-old lawns, famous golf courses, and the plain men and women of Britain are getting ready to till the plots allotted to them by the government.

"On these plots factory workers, shipyard men, clerks and housewives, hoarding every precious minute of leisure, will work hard that their families may have adequate fresh food. . . . Here is an opportunity for Americans to help the farm and in the city to help England win the war against hunger."

The plan is not entirely new. Last season the British government had made more than 1,600,000 allotments of land most of which were planted by seeds generously sent by Americans. It is estimated that these miniature farms could grow enough stuff to feed 5,000,000 people—one-fifth of Britain's population.

England knows, and most people in this country understand, that there is more than a little truth in Napoleon's oft-quoted remark that an army moves on its stomach. The men who are responsible for the conduct of the war against dictators give almost as much thought to the food supply for fighting men and for civilians as they do to the manufacture of armament and the use of these weapons against the enemy.

If millions of Englishmen can feed themselves with the help of seeds from the United States a considerable fleet of cargo vessels can carry the much-needed implements of war instead of food.

Are We More Sensitive To Bad Luck Than To Good?

NO MATTER what the reason may be, it is not uncommon for persons to have premonitions about future events. This feeling that something is to befall them is often so strong that prominent persons who are not in the least superstitious have been forced to believe in the phenomenon. And in many instances it has been proved by subsequent events.

A good example of such a premonition was discovered recently in the obituary of a Portland, Oregon, man named William Mehan, who, in saying good-bye to his doctor, lawyer and insurance broker, added impressively: "I have 20 months to live." Twenty months later, he was dead. All his friends recalled his prediction.

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of a decidedly unfortunate nature is hanging over one. Mozart wrote a requiem mass at the request of an unknown person. While composing, he fell into a deep melancholia, and became convinced that it was for himself that this solemn mass would be sung. He was right. He died soon after finishing it, and the composition was sung at his own funeral.

Hogarth was painting a picture he called "The End of All Things." His friends amused themselves with jocose prophecies that, when he finished the picture, it would be his end as well. Whatever effect this had, Hogarth was impressed with their railleury, and did die very soon after he had completed the canvas.

There is a real premonition should be a spontaneous conviction that an event is to take place, and should be based upon no logical process of thought, and have nothing to warrant it in existing facts or circumstances. Of course, the vague sense of something "going to happen," which can be explained by a fit of depression, or misfortune that have befallen one, is an exceedingly common thing. Sometimes a certain sense of something impending proves to have been nothing but groundless imagination.

Samuel Potter, a New England clergyman, accompanied by his wife was on his way to a church service one week ago and passed a deserted-looking cottage. "I feel that I ought to go into that house! Something calls me there," he remarked to Mrs. Potter.

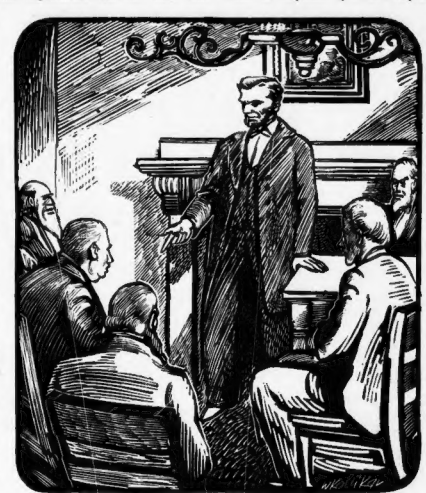
His wife scoffed at the idea, and they moved on. The impression persisted so strongly that, at last, despite his wife's smiles and protests, he turned back of went in to the mysterious cottage. It was deserted.

At the beginning of the present war in Europe, Mackin, a German secret agent who had endeavored to turn Czechoslovakian disaffection to German account, gave it up and returned to Germany with his assistant. He had tried every artifice of intrigue but had failed miserably. En route by train to the Nazi capital he announced mournfully to his traveling companion:

"I shall die today!" His friend pook-pooked the remark, but that very afternoon Loeb did die of a heart attack on the train.

Such gifted celebrities as Racine, Voltaire, Rousseau, Buffon, Balzac, Chateaubriand, Scribner, Taine, Zola, Michelet, Louis Blanc, Schiller, Shakespeare, and others of like importance, believed in premonitions. In Michelet's "History of the French Revolution," almost every page is under the influence of premonitions which flourished in that trying time.

A more unusual premonition was that of a Polish countess who had been adopted by the Radzwill family. Even as a child, she had an unreasonable but overpowering dread of a large family portrait which hung in the salon of the castle and directed to go there. On the day of her betrothal, Mme. Cregul tells us in her "Souvenirs," the young girl was passing by this painting, when suddenly and for no apparent reason it fell from its place and crushed her to death.



On the Day That Lincoln Was Shot, He Said to the Members of His Cabinet: "Gentlemen, Something Very Extraordinary Is Going to Happen—And Very Soon, Too."

"What do you mean?" someone asked. "What sort of thing—good or bad?" "I do not know," replied Lincoln. "I only feel that a momentous event will occur, and I also feel that it will be in a very short time."

The great Marquis de Talleyrand tells of a valuable premonition that saved his life. He and another Frenchman, named Beaumetz, when they were in New York, bought a ship and fitted it out for the East Indies trade—a promising commercial venture. Shortly before it was to sail, Talleyrand walked with Beaumetz, at his request, to the Battery. The latter had been talking rapidly of the ship's slight delay, until they reached the sea-wall. Suddenly, Talleyrand, moved by a swift conviction, freed himself abruptly from the other's grip on his arm, and looking him straight in the eye, declared vehemently:

"I want to murder you, Beaumetz! You have led me here to hurt me into the river! Deny it, if you can, traitor, deny it!"

Beaumetz, startled by this sudden and unexpected condemnation, Beaumetz broke down and stammered that it was true.

Of course many premonitions have nothing to warrant them, except a very intense conviction that something

Measuring The Thickness Of The Earth's Air Overcoat

Scientists have known for a long time that the earth wears an overcoat of air, and recently Dr. William Coblentz and Ralph Star of the National Bureau of Standards found out how thick it is.

The scientists discovered that this protective coat, made of ozone, begins about nine miles up in the air. Then, for another eight miles it extends beyond that and this overcoat is thickest at about 15 miles above the ground. From that point it thins out rapidly.

To the layman measuring such a blanket might seem an impossible thing to do. But scientific men have a way of their own which they use to get accurate results.

Dr. Coblentz and Mr. Star took a piece of radio apparatus and equipped it with a copper wire "brin." Then they attached it to a balloon and sent it skyward. This apparatus is similar to the robot that was sent by the Weather Bureau to check temperatures and atmospheric pressures.

These almost human flying radio stations had two tasks to do—report on their altitude from moment to moment and tell how much ultra-violet light was coming from the sun. This information was sent automatically

by radio wave to a station on the ground.

The flying radio stations set a record for heights attained by man-made apparatus when they went up 88,000 feet. This is three times the height of Mount Everest, world's tallest mountain, and much higher than man has ever flown.

Besides furnishing the men on the ground with a great deal of scientific data about the earth's blanket, the little gadgets also reported back to that found at sea-level throughout most of the year. This protective overcoat does not filter out too many of the sun's rays. But it does hold back just enough to protect life on this planet.

The fact that it does come through the air we breathe and make healthful vitamin D which is particularly beneficial to growing children.

The little radio weathermen went up until the atmospheric pressure got so low that the balloons burst and the little gadgets parachuted to earth.

The "Overcoat" of Ozone Is Thickest at a Point About 15 Miles Above the Ground.



If the King's Hard-Working King Tries to Arbitrate a Marital Argument Which Ends in Divorce He Is Publicly Beaten Up by the Royal Whipper.

Where Kings Are Beaten By The Public

IF the few kings left these days not one enjoys as little authority as King Felik of Uumba or is as subject to penalties. Twenty-years King Felik of Uumba, who early this year succeeded to the throne, is truly a figurehead. When his subjects are displeased with the way the government is being run—and Felik runs almost nothing—the King, like a naughty little boy, gets a whipping.

Uumba, which means "several," is the collective name of a group of five islands that lie about 80 miles south of Sumatra. They range in size from a few dozen acres to 13 square miles which is the size of Iita, the capital island. About 2,300 people inhabit this group. Mechanically the Umbanians are not far advanced, but politically they enjoy a form of government as democratic as our own and in some respects quite similar.

The Umbanians have had little contact with the rest of the world but enjoy an oral constitution which, like our own, guarantees to every man the right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Free assembly is assured and so is proportional representation by the Big Think or Cabinet, the executive body. New laws or amendments may be proposed to the Big Think by anyone and if this Cabinet gives them their approval the measure are submitted to the people for them to decide by majority vote. Barring is secret. Each voter files into a dark little hut where two baskets and two great piles of colored pebbles are waiting. He selects a pebble of the color that expresses his opinion and tosses it into the right basket. There is no provision against some bright chap stuffing the ballot box for the Umbanians trust one another.

Yet in the face of this democratic form of government Uumba always has had a king. But the last 22 rulers, say the local historians, have had no power. The king's function is really little more than that of a herald. When the Big Think arrives at an operational decision, the king announces it to the people. If the people don't like it they vote to have their monarch whipped and there is a royal whipper who controls these beatings and does the job of chastising the royal personage in the public square.

The king is also commander-in-chief of the army and navy. The army consists of 40 stalwart youths and 15 equally powerful maidens armed with spears. The navy consists of four long canoes each capable of carrying 24 persons and is manned by six rowers each. Eight of the navy's personnel are girls. The Umbanians being at peace with the world the navy's only function is to protect fishermen against possible sharks. The army occasionally breaks out and beats the natives have had a little too much to drink or it arrests a man for beating his wife too much.

King Felik is also supreme justice of the islands and as such may reverse, on appeal, the decision of either of the two regular courts or even of the Big Think. But if the people don't agree with him he is liable to another whipping and the whipping is executed by the Big Think of his subjects. That means whenever two crimes are committed within the same moon-period or month the king must be whipped for falling down on his job.

Another job the king has is to personally collect taxes. A few soldiers accompany him to carry the pigs and stuff that are given in settlement, but if an argument takes place they may not join either side. When the king fails to collect the amount previously estimated by the Big Think the amount he is short is taken from his possessions. But he has enough because a share of the island's taxes revert to him.

The king performs all marriage ceremonies and christens all babies. If it is a girl's first wedding the king presents her with a pig or a few chickens or even his estate. Every time a baby is born the king gives the mother a chicken or two. When a marriage goes wrong it is up to the king to attempt arbitration. But if that fails he grants a whipping—and gets a whipping because his subjects feel that the whole thing was his fault.

As a slight compensation for all these whippings, the king lives in the finest house of Iita. It is a great edifice of mud stone, leaves and twigs, ornamented with colorful birds' feathers and painted pig skins. He may also have three concubines in addition to his queen who is selected for him from one of the best-looking girls by the Big Think. And he may divorce any of the concubines after a few moon-periods if a nicer little number catches his eye. But he must pay off the dismissed girl with plenty of chickens—or else he gets quacked.

Outside the royal palace stands a great stone figure of a man and a woman, representing the people of Uumba. Each morning the king must bow low before it in the presence of the Big Think as acknowledgment that the people, and not he, are supreme. Each new moon he repeats his oath of allegiance wherein he swears to uphold the constitution and laws and the armed forces of Uumba against all enemies and never attempt to usurp any of the people's rights.

So the new King Felik has been whipped only once in eight months of office. Two of the subjects wed by his father decided on divorce and young Felik couldn't talk them out of it. So it was up to him to make their separation legal and then take his medicine like a king—which he did.

Bong! Bong! Round 100 for Battling Erika and Her Rich Major

After 99 Stanzas of What Seemed to Be Clean, Legal Fisticuffing, the Lady Now Cries "Foul!" Charging Her Ex-Husband With Trying to Knock Her All the Way From Here to Nazi Germany

LADIES and gentlemen, in this corner we have Major Bill Field, six feet two and weighing in at over 300 pounds, ringside. He's a multimillionaire, a direct descendant of the first Postmaster General of the United States, and the former husband of the late Lila Vanderbilt Sloane Field, great-granddaughter of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt.

So you can see he's not in here to throw his Sunday punch for fame or filthy lucre but for personal reasons only. When he's struck, he sheds blood of the purest blue serene.

The little lady in the opposite corner is Henric Erika, the Major's ex-wife, who, according to her own figure (which is eye-filling) stands barely over five feet and weighs 118 pounds. Her blood is plain red.

Maybe the Marquis of Queensbury wouldn't like the idea of matching a bantam and a heavy, but in this case the difference in the parties' ages—the Major is 71, his battling ex-spouse a mere 38—seems to make up for the difference in size and weight.

These plucky contenders for the world's record long distance matrimonial mulling have already fought 99 ding-dong rounds, with neither one getting much of an edge on the other. So everybody hopes that this return bout will settle the issue once and for all.

Ladies and gentlemen, the one hundredth round of the greatest husband and wife fight of all time!

Bong! They're out in the center of the ring now, circling each other, looking for an opening. A flurry of blows! Hold on! What's that?

It's Erika! She's crying, "Foul!"

Well, folks, the audience is in an uproar and everybody and his brother is up there in the ring talking it over. Now they're coming out of it. Somebody's making an announcement. Believe it or not, they've decided to move the whole thing down to the New York Supreme Court and fight the rest of it out down there.

We're trying to arrange to have you switched over to the courtroom. Just a minute, please.

Well, here we are down in the halls of justice, a strange place to be reporting a fight from—or maybe not, when you come to think of it. Anyhow, this has all turned out to be more complicated than anyone thought.

Erika's told her story—and what a story it is—and now the lawyers and judge are in a huddle. We'll give you more news on what they're saying as soon as we get it ourselves.

Meanwhile, here's what Erika claims. She claims that those 99 rounds that everybody thought were just good clean fisticuffing were really all part of an elaborate plot on the Major's part to get rid of her legally and then have her stranded in Germany, where she came from in the first place and where, exposed to the tender mercies of the Nazi Gestapo, she would never be able to bother him again.

This plot, she has just told the court, reached its climax when he framed her into getting a Reno divorce a year and a half ago. She didn't want to do it, she says, but thought she had to in order to get alimony.

And at the same time and with the same bait—a matter of 50 some odd thousand dollars—she charges that he got her to promise to renounce her American citizenship, as well as all further claims on him, and go back to her native land.

But at the last minute, after she had obtained the divorce but before she had either given up her citizenship or sailed, she says that the plot was foiled by an act of Providence, nothing less than the proclamation of the President of the United States forbidding all persons to leave these shores.

It was this proclamation and her penniless condition (the fifty thousand didn't last long) which woke her up, Erika says, and resulted in that cry of "Foul!" a little while ago.

Now, she claims she can see the beginning of the plot as far back as 1938, only two years after she and the Major had staggered his children, his friends and society in general by getting married.

"This woman," his lawyer announced at one of their earlier legal battles, "was a hostess in a night club in Hamburg, most dissolute of cities. God knows how my client came to marry her. She is a drunkard."

Erika, for her part, says that the only thing correct about that statement is the word "Hamburg." According to her version, she was a respectable movie actress there, the Major, a Summer resident, and they met quite naturally over a couple of glasses of orange juice at a soft drink stand on the set.

But even according to that version, it is doubtful that anyone who knew him while his former wife was alive would find it any easier to understand why he married Erika.



Major William B. Osgood Field, Shown With His Camera, Which Erika Charged, Was One of the Things They Fought About.

His marriage with the aristocratic Lila was the sort that dowagers dream about for their debutante daughters. It was a perfect thing, begun with such pomp and ceremony as this country had seldom seen, blessed with two boys and two girls, all of whom are alive—and winning—today, untouched throughout its 22 years of matrimony by any breath of reproach, and ending at last with Lila's death in 1934.

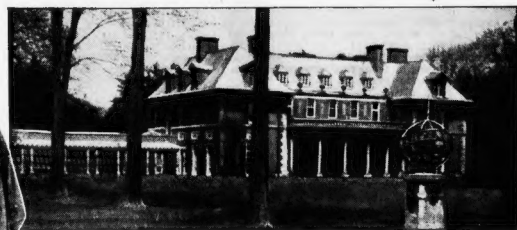
Once he had recovered from his grief, it was thought that the Major would go on until his own death, as dignified a widower as he had been a husband. Instead, he turned up 15 months later, happy as a boy, with Erika blushing on his arm.

That was in 1936, and in 1938, she says, his plot to get rid of her began to take shape. He persuaded her to take a vacation at his Summer home in Germany, she told the court, promising to join her himself as soon as possible.

But he never did. Her first intimation of what he really intended to do came to her, she asserts, in the form of a separation agreement, on which he had ordered his German



Somewhat Fanciful But Basically Accurate Ringside View of Erika and the Major, Coming Up for That Famous 100th Round, During Which She Told the Judge That Her Ex-Husband Rabbit-Punched Her With "a Collusive Reno Divorce."



"High Lawn," the Lenox, Mass. Estate Where the Major Lived for 32 Sedate Years With His Aristocratic First Wife, Before Entering the Ring With Erika.



Erika Segnitz Field, Who Says That President Roosevelt's Proclamation Forbidding All Persons to Leave These Shores Was All That Saved Her From a Gestapo Knockout.

attorneys to get her signature. This document, which she says she refused to sign, was in rather startling contrast to the tender letters he was sending her at the same time.

"Dearest Erika," one of the latter is alleged to read, "When the day came and my breakfast was brought in, I was very much afraid there was going to be war, but since last night's news I think the conditions look

better. I listened to Hitler's speech and it is very fine indeed. God bless you, Billy."

Supposed to have been written about the time of Munich, the political sentiments in this letter were certainly not very sound. Nor, says Erika, were the personal sentiments.

In fact, she became so upset that she packed up her things and came bucketing back to New York on the fastest boat she could get. She practically had to fight her way through lawyers to get off it, she says, and soon afterwards found herself in court, suing and being sued for separation.

It was during this exchange of suits, which petered out without a decision, that the world learned for the first time of those 99 fast and furious rounds which had been fought out in the privacy of the couple's \$200,000 Lake Mohogean love-nest.

"I have kept a record of the quarrels and disputes between Mrs. Field and me," the Major informed the court at the time, "and I find that in a period of six months prior to her leaving our home there were 99 violent quarrels, many of which were of all-day duration."

Then, going into more detail, he charged her with being drunk and disorderly, nagging, waking him up eleven times in one night, and trying to brain him with a poker. When she was not threatening to kill him, either directly, with a pistol, or indirectly by asking for time-tellers how soon she was going to be a rich widow, he said that as likely as not she was threatening to kill herself.

Erika's counter-charges were concerned mostly with his alleged fondness for pornographic art. One time she stumbled on, and quickly burned, a book of already pretty hot candid camera shots, she said, and another time was humiliated when a servant, remarking politely that he thought she might like to have it, handed her a nude photograph of herself which he had found lying

around somewhere.

Both husband and wife denied the other's allegations and the whole thing ended with the court wisely wondering about a rique movie film called "The Sea Nymph," which Erika had promised, and failed, to produce from what she called the Major's collection.

After that the stage was set for the Reno episode.

"He was bent on arranging a divorce," Erika says now. "My former attorney and the attorneys for the defendant (the Major), contrary to my wishes, arranged for a collusive divorce between us. And thus, this defendant accomplished the first part of his plan to rid himself of a sick wife, who, he said, was insane."

"He caused an agreement to be worked out whereby I was cut off without a dollar and wherein I released my claim to \$20,000 a year alimony and to one-third interest in his estate."

"Then I would receive a lump sum, in lieu of all alimony and other rights, equal to less than the amount we used to spend for living expenses in one year, and this at a time when I was only 34 years old and had a life expectancy of 32 years, and when I was penniless and in need of a serious operation."

"Everything was arranged for me in connection with the divorce. A flagrant fraud was practiced upon the Nevada court when I was sent there. I understood little English and did not comprehend the full import of the agreements and arrangements made for me. I did not know, once I was in Reno and stranded there, in ill health, that I would receive no more alimony unless the divorce went through."

In return for her decree, together with her promise to renounce her American citizenship and retire permanently to the home of the Gestapo, she says she received the sum of \$52,500.

But debts, living expenses and gifts to relatives in Germany (gifts which the Nazis quickly impounded) soon made such a dent in this nest-egg, she says, that she was compelled to live on less than a dollar a day.

The President's proclamation revived her spirits, and, with her American citizenship still firmly in hand, she got a new lawyer, Jacob Rosenberg, of 70 Pine Street, New York. And that, ladies and gentlemen, brings the blow by blow, affidavit by affidavit account of the great Field bout right up through the hundredth round.

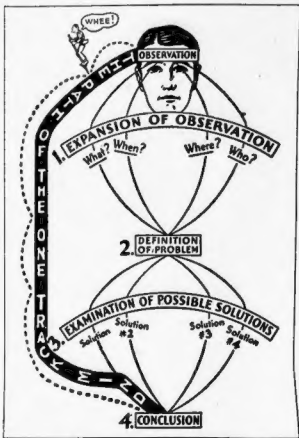
The lawyers are coming out of their huddle now. The Major's has just made a statement.

He says you can't attack the validity of a Reno decree if a New York court, you've got to go to Reno to do it.

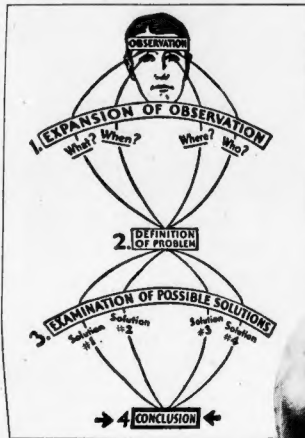
But Rosenberg claims that as long as the alleged fraud was practiced in New York, New York is the place to have it put to rights.

So the next twenty or thirty rounds will probably be fought out over that point. It looks like a Field day for the lawyers.

Maybe You Only THINK You Think



Dr. Reilly's Graphic Diagram of What Happens When You Jump at Conclusions, Acting Wholly from Casual Observation Without Exercising the True Mental Processes of Thinking and Eliminating the Four Steps in Straight Thinking by Going Direct from Observation to Conclusion.



And This Is What Happens When You Think Straight, Using Four Steps to Clear Thinking —(1) Expansion of Observation, (2) Definition of Problem, (3) Examination of Solutions, and (4) Conclusion—Every Process Weighed, Leading to True Conclusions, Not False Ones.

MAYBE you've heard about the man who got his exercise from jumping to conclusions.

It's still a good joke. Everyone laughs at it because nobody ever thinks it applies to him.

Yet everyone is guilty of jumping to conclusions at some time or another. That is because most of us only think we think.

Everyone has eyes to see, ears to hear, a nose to smell and fingers to touch things with. And we have a brain that sorts out all the evidence of the five senses.

Our brain is supposed to take the evidence, arrange it into a problem and then our mind is supposed to work out the best particular solution for the problem at hand.

The big trouble with most folks is that they mistake a quick solution as the best solution, whereas a quick solution is all too often a poor one and may often be the wrong one.

Remember the time you had a sore throat when you were small and they rubbed your neck with that foul snake oil that Aunt Minnie recommended? And how you got Aunt Minnie and a lot of other one-track mind kind of people would use their "common sense" as they put it, and say that the snake oil cured the sore throat. You can see the wheels in their minds working.

1. You had a sore throat.
2. They put snake oil on it.
3. The throat was cured.
Therefore—the snake oil cured the sore throat.

Only this kind of jumping to conclusions doesn't explain anything. All that is explained is that the snake oil happened to be around when the sore throat came along.

This is the kind of logic the old tribal medicine men used to use.



Another Example of Bad Thinking Is Illustrated by This Picture of the Unhappy Man Whose Wife Bought a Safe Because It Was Cheap But Without Considering Whether It Would Cover Her Tall Husband.

on just this point, with the earth's Dr. Goebels setting up easy to see—BUT FALSE—conclusions.

Colleges and high schools ought to teach you how to think. But the sad truth is that colleges supply all sorts of random information and then let it clutter up your mind. They never give you the ABC's of how to use properly the information you get.

In New York City, however, there is a force that is trying to battle this national inability to think properly. It is called the National Institute for Straight Thinking and is headed by William J. Reilly, Ph. D., from the University of Chicago, who has spent his adult lifetime trying to find out how to think and how to apply this knowledge to everyday living.

When Dr. Reilly started his virtually one-man crusade he toured the leading universities talking to their presidents and professors trying to get them to teach their students how to think. All these men agreed that this was the first job of any education, but all admitted that no college or university was doing the job.

Dr. Reilly likes to tell the story about his own small boy as an example of jumping to conclusions.

The boy, only eight, came home from school one day, very tired and dirty. Something had happened, but the boy said nothing about it. When Dr. Reilly came home he asked his son:

"How was school today? Have fun?"

"Yes, Dad, Jack and I went out at noon recess to the woods and we built a shack. It's made of limbs and has leaves on it and I'll bet the rain won't come in."

"That's fine," said Dr. Reilly, "everyone ought to have a good shack in the woods. But what about school this afternoon?"

"Well, I didn't behave right this morning in school and was supposed to stay after school for an hour. So Jack and I decided to skip school and build a shack."

"Yes, I'll bet the shack's fine. Son, and I'll come over Sunday and see how it looks when it's done. But what about the teacher? Won't she be mad tomorrow morning? What about that?"

"Gee, that's right, Dad. I never thought of that."

"Well, do you have any ideas?"

"Yes—I got a swell idea. Let's move."

"Yes, we could move, Son. In a lot of ways I'd like that, myself, too. But if we moved you couldn't play with Jack and Frank and the other kids down the street. And Mother and Daddy have a lot of friends around here, too. Another trouble is that at the new school maybe you wouldn't get as good a teacher as you have now."

"That's right, Dad, we can't move. Jack and I have to finish our shack and it won't be done till next week. And anyway my teacher isn't so bad. She's swell except when she don't behave. But what would you do, Dad? She's really going to be mad in the morning."

"Well, I don't know, Son. It's your problem. But I do know that when I make a mistake downtown and have to see a fellow the next day who is going to be mad at me, I sit down and write out what I'm going to say to him and I start it off by saying 'I made a mistake.' Then when I see him and admit I made a mistake, he's usually ready to talk and we can work out some deal."

Maybe if you told your teacher how you practice football every day after school and that an hour after school would let you into the practice, maybe she would let you stay only a half hour and do it on several days. That ought to be fair."

And so the boy got a pencil and wrote a letter to his teacher that began with 'I made a mistake.' The sequel was that he stayed after school for one half hour but did it for a whole week.

But the boy was pleased, the teacher was pleased, and another experience in human thinking was added to the ledger of a small human mind just trying to find out how to get along in the world.

Everyone has heard about jumping to conclusions but did you ever see what such a job looks like when you make a simple diagram of it on paper? On this page is a picture of a one-track mind jumping at a conclusion and landing falsely, and about as roughly, as did Humpty Dumpty when he fell off the wall.

This important diagram, that everyone ought to have embodied in his mind, is adapted from Dr. Reilly's book "How to Use Your Head," illustrated by George Westcott (Harpers), \$1.00.

Every decision you have to make every day of your life is about like the man who stands on a high cliff overlooking a beautiful and fruitful valley. There are a lot of ways to get down the cliff to the final conclusion represented by the fertile valley.

One way—and the easy and fast way—is just to jump off the cliff. That is jumping to conclusions and landing, all too often, on the jagged rocks of erroneous reasoning.

The other ways, the correct ways, are to explore any of several different pathways for trails which lead down the steep cliff. The going is slower but the arrival is safe.

Even some of these are steep, risky and dangerous. Others are slow and gradual. What has to be done is to select the best pathway—balancing safety against speed—to the bottom and to the conclusion.

But if you really do have a problem the first thing is to assemble all the facts about it. You have to have facts you can trust, and that takes a lot of digging. You must even guard against your own prejudices.

On every question there are three sides: Your side. The other fellow's side. The truth.

A lot of people are like the three small boys who went fishing and decided to split their total catch three ways among them. During the day one boy had good luck and the other boys could catch few fish. When the final split-came, the lucky boy was all against the original agreement. He argued that a good fisherman should not be penalized because of the incompetence and bad luck of his associates.

Boys are like that, says Dr. Reilly.

You'll Want to Know How You Measure Up On Your Thinking Apparatus, and Dr. Reilly Tells How to Use Your Head to Get What You Want



A Picture in a Famous Gallery Happened to Be Hung Wrong and the Jury of Five Art Critics Gave It First Prize Because of Its "Originality." Not Suspecting the Truth—An Example, Says Dr. Reilly, of Jumping at Conclusions. This and All Other Drawings on This Page From "How to Use Your Head to Get What You Want." Copyright, Harper and Brothers.

The only trouble is that when they grow up to be men their prejudices on government and economics are influenced by how many fish they have caught.

If they have been so unfortunate in life as to catch few fish their views are apt to be socialistic and they are all for sharing the wealth and everything else. But if they happen to catch a few fish they can swing, overnight, to a capitalistic attitude.

Another barrier to straight thinking is a single point of view. Everyone agrees that two and two makes four, but how about the proposition that: "The farther north you go, the colder it gets."

Everyone in the United States would agree, generally, with this, but did you ever stop to think what a native of the Argentine, or Australia, or Africa would say about it? To think right you have to see the broad picture.

Some people get in trouble by jumping at conclusions, but others get in trouble by postponing important decisions.

Dr. Reilly says that every time you postpone a decision you are really making one. If you put off a trip to the dentist you are really deciding to let your teeth become worse. Anyone with a toothache would say that you are crazy. And so you are. But most of us are like that.

When a woman puts off "doing anything about her figure" she really means that she has decided to be fat. She wouldn't like it if you told her that—and you would have to duck if you said it—but that is the truth of the matter.

One big help in straight thinking is the ability to decide what is important and what is unimportant.

For unimportant things you can decide quickly (even jump to conclusions if you still like that habit) with the knowledge that it doesn't make much difference anyway.

You have to have some standard of what is important. Dr. Reilly himself asks: "What difference will it make a year from now?"

If the answer is "no difference" the problem really is unimportant.

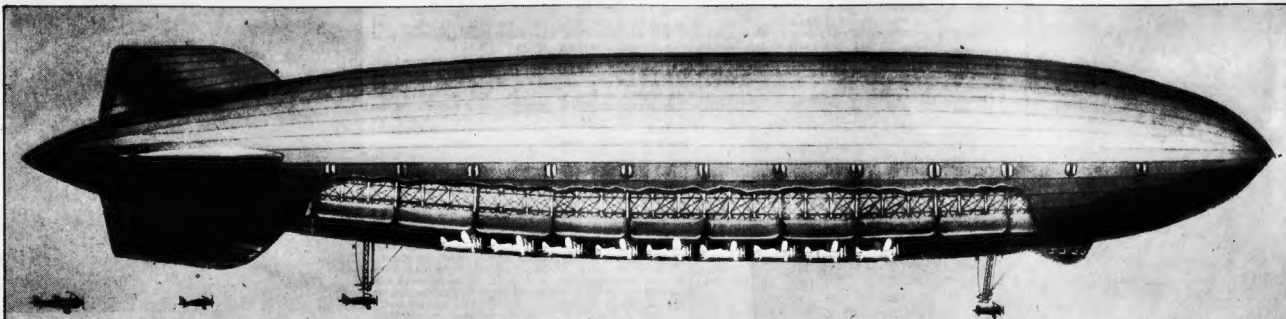
Try this one year rule and a lot of your ever-present troubles may vanish quickly. Many of the petty arguments that you get into with other people will evaporate.

You will find that your life is a lot better when these annoyances are removed.



Diagram Worth Studying From "How to Use Your Head to Get What You Want."

HELIUM GAS — Our "Big Stick" Which No Enemy Can Get



It Won't Explode and It Won't Burn, and Mighty Dirigibles Borne Aloft by It Can Cruise the Stratosphere at 90 Miles an Hour Day After Day, Carrying Deadly Armadas of Fighting Planes — AND WE CONTROL THE WORLD'S SUPPLY

By ROBERT D. POTTER,
Science Editor, The American Weekly.

WHILE the United States takes it on the chin at Pearl Harbor and Manila in these early days of the U. S.-Jap war, our nation sits by the only military weapon in the world which no other country—friend or enemy—can ever possess.

That weapon is the great airship, carrying 15 fighter planes, which could easily roam the vast expanses of the Pacific Ocean and act as an important scouting unit of the U. S. Navy.

You can argue all day over the merits and handicaps of great airships but at this crucial time the United States can no longer afford to overlook the fact that AMERICA ALONE POSSESSES THE BUOYANT, NON-BURNING HELIUM GAS WITH WHICH TO INFLATE AIRSHIPS.

Helium is found elsewhere in the world. BUT the only helium-bearing gases of sufficient quantity to make separation worth while are in the U. S. Helium is the second lightest of all the chemical elements, being exceeded only by hydrogen in this respect.

The Government long has had a plant at Amarillo, Texas, for helium's extraction from natural gas. No other nation has any such a helium deposit or extraction plant.

The great argument against airships is that they burn and explode when struck with incendiary bullets, or are attacked by fire. People point to the holocaust of the Hindenburg in 1936 as proof of their contention. But what aviation experts recognize about the Hindenburg disaster is only this: This tragedy could not happen to a helium-inflated airship.

When the Hindenburg burned it meant that the United States became the only nation in the world which possessed the one safe gas that could carry airships aloft in either peace or wartime.

At the time of that tragedy I talked with America's best airship expert, Capt. C. E. Rosendahl, U. S. N., then commandant at Lakehurst.

Capt. Rosendahl said that the Hindenburg disaster was "the key to America's domination of the world's lighter-than-air craft. Like all experts, Capt. Rosendahl knew that after the Hindenburg explosion and burning, no other nation—even Germany where dirigibles originated and reached their highest state—would ever fly an airship without non-inflammable helium in its lifting bags.

Capt. Rosendahl tried his best to make Congressional appropriation committees see the light. But in those days appropriations of \$5,000,000 seemed huge and the advocates of airships lost their fight.

This country would have given 10 times \$5,000,000 on Sunday, December 7, 1941, to have had a fleet of these great sky scouts roaming the Pacific Ocean to spot the approaching Japanese fleet and aircraft which struck Pearl Harbor.

Where a patrol bomber can stay aloft for hours, an airship can stay aloft for days.

Where a surface scouting cruiser can putter along at, say, 20 knots, a modern airship can travel nearly three times as fast.

Based at Hawaii or at Los Angeles, great airships of the United States could roam nearly to Australia and back. Far at sea they would be immune to attack by the one weapon they fear—shore-based, swift fighter planes. Airships are so huge that they seem like a fine target.

But did you know that only 18 per cent



One Spark of Static Electricity Ignited the Highly Inflammable Hydrogen in the ill-Fated Hindenburg, Causing the Frightful Holocaust Shown in This Spectacular Photograph. It Couldn't Happen With Helium!

of an airship's surface is vulnerable?

You can shoot right through an airship filled with helium gas and make only a small leak that can be quickly sealed up by the crew.

The risk of fire and explosion is no greater on an airship than is the risk of fire in an airplane, or an automobile, or anything which carries a tank of gasoline as fuel for its motors.

Far at sea the only thing which an airship would fear would be an aircraft carrier with its 40-60 planes. But realize well this point. An airship is a scout whose job is to locate major enemy forces. Any scout lives by a variation of that old adage:

"He who scouts and runs away, lives to scout another day."

If a U. S. airship could have located the aircraft carrier which swept into Hawaii and launched its planes for the great attack on Pearl Harbor, it would have found a large share of the Japanese fleet.

The Japanese aircraft carrier was not traveling alone. You can be sure of that. These costly and most valuable craft never travel alone. They have with them protecting heavy cruisers, small cruisers and many destroyers: a whole battle force in itself.

Thus if the U. S. airship had spotted the aircraft carrier, radioed back its position and then were shot down, it would have fulfilled its mission. A main section of the enemy fleet would have been located.

Against anything less than an aircraft carrier, a high flying airship at sea has little

An Official U. S. Navy Photograph of a Scout Plane Hooked Onto the Mother Ship's "Traps," Which Makes Take-Offs and Returns Safer and More Rapid Than on Surface Aircraft Carriers.

to fear. Airships are ideal, for example, to spot and knock out enemy raiders; even pocket battleships like the Graf. Spee.

No surface vessel other than an aircraft carrier carries 15 fighter planes as does a large airship. If the enemy vessel saw the airship and sent up its one or two planes, the fighters

would drop off from the airship and make short work of the climbing enemy airplanes.

The planes on the airship, remember, would have all the advantage in altitude. You can assume even the impossible. Suppose that the planes from the enemy's surface craft somehow knocked down the 15 planes from the airship. Even then the airship would not need money to save itself.

Terrific gunfire is possible from a big airship. You can mount many machine guns and small cannon on it and cover it from every angle of attack.

Moreover the big bulk of the airship makes a firm steady base from which to fire and aids better aiming of the guns. Compared to an airplane, firing from the airship is like firing from the steady surface of a battleship in contrast to a rolling destroyer.

Far out over the Pacific only big patrol bombers could fly as far, or faster than an airship. But the fighter planes within an airship would make short work of any ponderous long range patrol bomber that might chance to spot the airship.

Without fighter plane escort big bombers are dead pigeons in this war.

Within six months after blueprints leave the drafting table the United States could construct a large airship. During World War I, Germany was turning them out at the rate of one every six weeks! We can do better than that today.

The cost of an airship would be only that of a destroyer.

Seldom realized is the enormous lifting payload of an airship. It can carry 20 tons and carry it for 10,000 miles. You can add up the 20 tons any way you wish. You can put in 15 fighter planes, or ten light dive bombers, or six heavy bombers. Probably each airship would carry some of each category.

In fact, an airship, strangely enough, can carry more than it can lift by its own buoyancy. After it takes off and gets into motion it has an additional aerodynamic lift, due to its motion, of from six to 10 tons and more. This means it can take on extra planes after it is in the air.

Gradually, after it uses up some of its fuel and lightens its load, this extra aerodynamic lift can be taken over by mere buoyancy so that it can float in the air without motion if it wishes, and still carry the extra planes.

Not only can planes take off from an airship but they can return to it easily. This trick is a pioneer development of the U. S. Navy and is done by lowering a kind of a trapeze bar from the airship and having the plane hook on to this bar. To take off, the plane simply drops off from this bar.

Either take-offs, or hook-ons are easier and safer than landing on an aircraft carrier at sea. This is because an airplane and the airship can fly at exactly the same speed and at the instant of contact their relative velocity with respect to each other is zero.

Landing an airplane on the ground or on the deck of an aircraft carrier, finds the relative velocity about 75 to 80 miles an hour or more.

The vast expanses of the Pacific Ocean

This Gigantic Mother Ship Can Cruise 10,000 Miles Without Refueling and Carry 15 Planes, Launching Them at High Altitudes and High Speeds That Give Them Tremendous Advantage Over Those Launched From Surface Vessels. (Drawing Made From Design Furnished by the Goodyear Company.)



Hidden Above the Clouds, the Dirigible Can Hover Motionless Indefinitely. While an Observer in a Gondola, Lowered Thousands of Feet by a Cable Can Spot Enemy Warships and Report Their Location by Telephone.

would be ideal for airship scouts. For days at a time and for distances of 1,000 miles the Pacific is covered with cloud layers from a few hundred to a few thousand feet.

Such cloud banks are the ideal cruising place of airships. They have only to lower an observation car on a cable below this cloud and the commanding officer can direct all motions of the airship by telephone. The craft itself remains concealed from view.

The whole process is a kind of a mile-long inverted periscope, and was widely used during the first World War. With the under part of this tiny observation car painted cloud gray the observer is virtually invisible at a distance of only one mile from a ship.

But critics will say, "What about the Macon and the Akron, the nation's two inflated ventures in airships?"

The reply to that is simple. The Akron cracked up off the Jersey coast in an intense thunderstorm at night. That looks bad until you realize that a faulty altimeter placed the great airship hundreds of feet above the water than it really was.

In fact the Akron, some 800 feet long, was only 700 feet above the ocean when the down draft in the thunderstorm drove its tail down into the water. The commander thought he was over 1,000 feet up.

Naval officers knew that the Macon had strained one of its structural members when it went on maneuvers with the Navy back in 1934. But the trouble seemed not too great, so the airship went with the fleet.

Released from duty, the Macon headed for the West Coast. Just off shore it turned to avoid storm clouds and broke the strained structural girder. Its tail slowly settled to the sea. Only two men, out of a crew of 83, were lost.

Moreover, the Akron and the Macon were the first two airships ever built in the United States. They were lost in accidents. But did anyone ever think what happened to the first two submarines that were ever built, or the first two airplanes?

The nation could build a much better airship today than it could back in the early 1930's.

With its monopoly of the world's helium gas the United States must take full advantage of its unique opportunities.

Out of the recent plans for \$150,000,000 war appropriations by Congress there is a little \$20,000,000 grant for airships, but it is too little.



Mr. Heinrich
Fits
Fists
For His
Medieval
Patrons.

A TAILOR WHOSE SUITS NEVER WEAR OUT

in what country it was made. In order to carry on his work, Heinrich has to be several experts rolled into one. He must know how to forge heavy metal

skillfully, be able to emboss, etch, and carve, inlay gold and silver, and have an unusual knowledge of history and anatomy.

It is Heinrich's boast that he can duplicate any suit of armor, or make an original, in such a manner that armor specialists cannot tell whether it was forged in 1542 or 1942. It takes him eight months, working eight hours a day, to turn out one plain, undecorated suit of armor.

He uses nothing but the ancient tools which have been dug up in various parts of Europe. Although the forge equipment seems unwieldy to the layman, Heinrich says that it is as good, if not better, than the most up-to-date of metal-shaping tools.

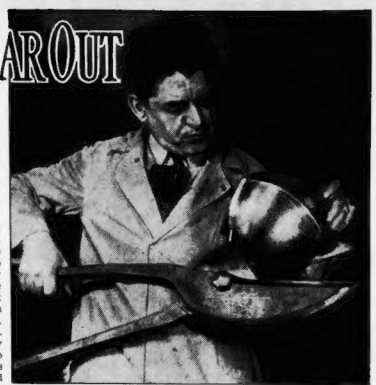
One of the most amazing pieces of Mr. Heinrich's equipment is a gigantic pair of shears, similar in design to those used by modern tinsmiths, which slice through the heavy metal as though it were cloth. He uses them to cut out the various sections of a suit of armor be-

fore rounding the edges and pounding them into their final shape.

Before Heinrich can even begin the job of forging a suit of armor, he must make preliminary sketches, and the actual construction work requires the use of a living model, who must try on the heavy metal trappings for numerous "ittings."

Heinrich has discovered, in making his fittings, that the popular conception of knights as gigantic, hulking men is just so much bunk. When suits of armor are brought in, and models are needed in order to properly fit together some part, Heinrich has to scout around to find men, comparatively small in stature. Many of our Army and Navy men could not be squeezed into one of the outfits of the knights of old, and if they could, it would take a can-opener to get them out.

Heinrich is the one tailor in the country who can make the boast that when he turns out a suit—it never wears out.



Trimming the Rough Edges Off a Knightly Hat Calls for the Use of Shears Which Require Strength as Well as Skill to Operate.

BELIEVE it or not, there is a man in New York who is still living in the Middle Ages, in a manner of speaking. He is Leonard Heinrich, head of the armory of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

A specialist in the making of armor, Heinrich, a native of Munich, is one of the few men who knows the art of tailoring as it was practiced in medieval times when knighthood was in flower. His job is one of the most exacting and unusual in the country.

Operating a forge, equipped with tools that were used in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Mr. Heinrich's job is to keep the 50,000 pieces, which form the museum's world-famous

collection of arms and armor in repair, and to construct missing parts for additions to the exhibit.

It also is Heinrich's job to identify various types of armor when they are brought to the museum. At a glance, he can tell whether a steel breast plate or a broadsword was carried by one of the Black Knights of Germany, a Briton, or whether it was part of the fighting gear of a Viking.

Identification is made through the various designs found on the metal parts. The method by which the armor was forged also serves as a key to where the suit originally came from. The style of the pieces likewise helps in finding out how old it is and



The
Photograph
at the Left
Shows the
Capable
Hands of
Mr. Heinrich
Fitting a Cuff
to an Ornate
Military
Uniform Worn
by Some
Swashbuckling
Soldier
Centuries
Ago.

Spiders That Spun History

ALTHOUGH it is one of the ugliest and most sinister looking members of the Animal Kingdom, the lowly spider has played important roles in history.

Robert Bruce, the discouraged refugee king of Scotland, as he lay on a pallet in his cottage lull-away, idly watched the persistent and finally victorious attempts—at the seventh try—of a spider to fasten one thread of its web to a beam. Bruce said that if a spider had such persistence so had he, and proceeded to rally his men and fight through to win Scottish independence.

Another spider that changed the course of history inhabited a Dutch jail cell along with a French prisoner of war named Dis Jovial. As he lay on a heap of straw, this prisoner watched a spider that lived in a web in the corner. He studied it so carefully that, just by watching its behavior, he could foretell from a week in advance, when the mercury got anywhere near freezing, the Frenchman's eight-legged cellmate boled up until the cold snap was over.

At that time the French army,

under Pichegru, in the war with Holland, advanced suddenly across the Dutch border. But the Dutch unleashed a foe more formidable than themselves. They cut the dykes and the resulting flood seemed to have the French at their mercy. General Pichegru had anticipated freezing weather that would let his men cross the lowlands on the ice. But nature failed him. An almost summer mildness lingered over the land. There was nothing to do but retreat.

Dis Jovial heard all about the battle from his garrulous jailer who was jubilant at the idea that French retreat was inevitable. This good-humored man could see no harm in sending a note from the prisoner to his good friend Pichegru. As his cell-sharing spider had not appeared for three days, Dis Jovial confidently expected frost within the week. He begged Pichegru not to fall back. The general gambled on this news—and won. Within the week came the hardest frost that Holland had known in years. The swamps froze and the French, advancing now over firm ground, won Utrecht.

Here's why my family starts each day the healthful *Super* breakfast way!



Pardon me for looking angelic, but... I am mighty happy it was I who discovered how Quaker Oats could help our Gracie! Naturally, those wonderful compliments I've been hearing about how nicely she's growing and filling out are music to my ears!

Provable facts: Oatmeal leads all other whole-grain cereals in Proteins—needed for building firm flesh, strong muscles, trim, streamlined bodies! It's rich in Phosphorus, for strong bones, straight bodies, firm teeth! In Iron, for rich, red blood! In Vitamin B1—needed by children for normal growth!



A girl's best friend is her glamour... whether you're a sophomore, or a busy Mother like me! So I'm not going to risk chasing that starry-eyed look from Jim by becoming a tired, cross, uninteresting wife! Not while I have Quaker Oats to help me stay peppy!

Provable facts: Quaker Oats is naturally triple-rich in the great "anti-fatigue" Vitamin B1—needed by everyone daily for vibrant energy, good nerves! Quaker Oats contains enough natural Vitamin B1 to "spark" itself and twice again as much additional food into energy!



That heavenly flavor's only half the story, the experts say! I just feel better when I start my family off with a hot breakfast! So imagine how reassuring it was to read how many leading food authorities agreed with me!

Provable facts: In a recent survey, 136 out of 142 of the dietitians and 368 out of 372 of the home economists questioned recommended a hot cereal for the average family! Quick Quaker Oats, with its temptingly different, whole-grain deliciousness, is ready quicker than the coffee!



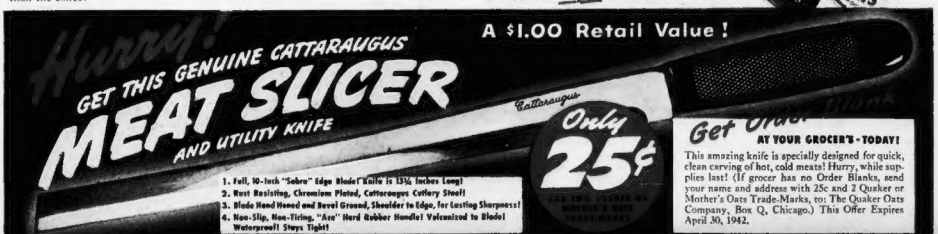
Look! You get all these from this! With the prices of clothes and silk stockings and everything going up—I've found that Quaker Oats is a welcome help in saving those precious pennies! Honestly, it's just about the most amazingly economical cereal you've ever seen!

Provable facts: You get 20 big, generous bowlfuls from the regular size package above. 48 from the big, economy size! Less than 14 cent per serving. With food costs rising, remember—Quaker Oats gives you up to three times as much for your money as any of six other leading brands of cereals! Ask your grocer for a big, economical package—today!



QUAKER OATS
AMERICA'S *Super* BREAKFAST FOOD

A \$1.00 Retail Value!



1. Full, 10-Inch "Sabre" Edge Blade Knife (13 1/2" Inches Long)
2. Best Realizing, Chromium Plated, Cattaraugus Utility Knife
3. Blade Hand Guard and Level Guard, Shoulder to Edge, for Cutting Sharpness!
4. Non-Slip, Non-Tiring, "Ace" Hand Rubber Handle! Vulcanized to Blade! Waterproof! Stays Tight!

Get Yours AT YOUR GROCER'S-TODAY!

This amazing knife is specially designed for quick, clean carving of hot, cold meats! Hurry, while supplies last! (If grocer has no Order Blanks, send your name and address with 25c and 1 Quaker or Mother's Oats Trade-Mark, to The Quaker Oats Company, Box Q, Chicago.) This Offer Expires April 30, 1942.

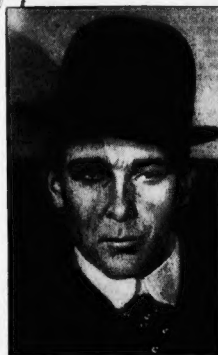
"NEVER Kill a Cop"

The Clue of the Purloined Penny That Proved the Truth of the Crooks' Rule No. 1, and Put Detectives on the Trail of Missouri's Almost Incredible Murderers



"The 'Gilded Lilies' in the Parlor Screamed as Inspector Dougherty Went for the Elusive Bandit.
"In the ensuing struggle Rudolph lost his gun and Dougherty's Black Jack quickly brought the long, devious trail of vengeance to an end."

No. 2 in The American Weekly's recollections of famous crimes that mystified us in the past, and challenged our best detective genius.



William Rudolph, the "Missouri Kid," Who Turned Out to Be Something Entirely Different From the Simple Hillbilly He Appeared.



"George Collins," Rudolph's Companion. His Many Alliances Were Really Important Clues to the Solution of a Ruthless Murder.

By BEN NELSON

THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS ago last week a man in a worn hunting coat and high laced boots, his square chin covered by a week-old stubble of reddish beard, might have been seen plodding through a desolate section of the Ozarks, a few miles from Stanton, Missouri.

Anyone coming upon his wandering footprints in the otherwise unmarked snow would probably have thought him lost. But he was not on the trail of bigger game than the shotgun in the crook of his arm indicated, and he knew where he was going.

As he emerged on the edge of a clearing before a dilapidated two-story bunkhouse he knew he had reached his goal, the abandoned workings of the old Deer Mine. Especially when he noted the smoke rising from its chimney and heard the cackle of poultry.

Half way to the bunkhouse door he detected movement in an upper window, and a gleam of sunlight on a polished gun-barrel. But it was too late to turn back now. He would have to brave the rest of it out.

"Hello," he called. "Anybody home?"

Receiving no answer, he rapped and the door was opened almost at once by a young girl, obviously nervous and ill at ease.

"I've been after jack-rabbits and I guess I'm lost," the man explained shamefacedly. "Can you tell me the way back to Stanton?"

The girl relayed the information to someone inside then allowed him to enter, although none too cordially.

In the large room, evidently a combination kitchen, dining and living room, sat an elderly couple in their 60's and a short, stocky man of about 25.

Without appearing to do so, his trained eyes noted these and other significant details: the bottle of whiskey of an expensive brand out of place in these shabby surroundings. The woman's shoes, size eight, he estimated, and of more than ordinary worth. The heavy revolver strapped to the man's waist, his hands resting uncomfortably close to their butts.

"Stand your gun over there in the corner," the younger man said, his accent marking him as an Easterner rather than a native.

There was nothing else to do under the circumstances. If a wrong move led the stocky man to suspect the "lost hunter" was really Charles J. Schumacher, Assistant Superintendent of the St. Louis office of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, the visitor had every reason to believe a plugged nickel would have been a large bet on his chances of surviving.

As he complied without hesitation, he heard footstep descending a creaky staircase and a tall, lanky hillbilly of 29 or 30, a rifle in his hand, slouched into the room.

His entry furnished the detective with the one detail necessary to convince him this was the "game" he sought.

Three weeks before—shortly after 1:30 on the morning of December 27th to be exact—two men had blown the new and supposedly burglar-proof safe of the First National Bank of Union, Missouri, and escaped under cover of a fusillade of bullets with money bags containing \$115,000. Witnesses aroused by the explosion described one as short and stocky, the other tall and lanky, and their movements those of comparatively young men.

That these vague descriptions were valueless by themselves was the first conclusion



Rare Old Photograph of George S. Dougherty's Return to St. Louis With the Missouri Bank Robbers Who Made the Fatal Mistake of Killing a Pinkerton Cop. Left to Right—Dougherty, Rudolph and the Man Known as "Collins." An Unnamed Deputy Stands Behind Them. The Two Bandits, Wearing Leg Irons, Were Shackled to Inspector Dougherty as an Added Precaution Against Escape.

George S. Dougherty, Head of the Pinkerton Criminal Investigation Department at the Time of the Rudolph and Collins Case. Later Became New York City Deputy Police Commissioner.

reasonable, he assumed they would have ridden off as long as darkness kept them and their money bags hidden from the alert eyes of the train crew. Inquiring further, he learned that shortly before dawn the freight reached another steep grade which forced it again to reduce speed.

With the aid of local authorities, Schumacher cut about from this point in the hope of locating a possible hideout. They didn't find one, but in an old barn nearby they did find a shoebox with remnants of hastily-eaten chicken sandwiches. The box bore the label of a Stanton merchant who identified it as having contained unusually wide size eight lady's shoes, but could not recall to whom he had sold them.

The detective felt confident he was on the right track, although he realized fully that everything thus far had been pure assumption which the facts might or might not verify.

Nevertheless he transferred his activities to Stanton where he posed as a hunter while making guarded inquiries concerning anyone in the region who had shown unexpected

But the following morning—Jan. 16, 1904—he returned wearing Deputy Sheriff O. L. Vedder and a pair of deputized farmers.

Vedder rapped, then pounded on the door. Suddenly another door 30 feet to one side burst open, the two bandits sprang out shooting and disappeared behind an outhouse.

Schumacher rushed for the far side of the building to head them off and as he rounded the corner a bullet crashed into his chest, dropping him.

One of those things happened to Deputy Vedder and the two farmers.

As they made for the rear side of the outhouse, sensing Schumacher's purpose, they ran full tilt into a long-hung clothesline and piled up in the snow.

Before they could extricate themselves and get their guns going, the desperadoes had emptied their revolvers into the prostrate Pinkerton man and escaped.

The first rule of even the dumbest criminal is: "Never kill a cop!" In those days it was: "Never kill a Pinkerton cop!"

All the resources of the vast Pinkerton network were at once thrown into the hunt for Schumacher's slayers.

The elder Rudolphs, who had vanished from the old mine workings, were located at the home of distant relatives. They denied that he was called "George." They did admit, suspecting "the boys" might be in "some sort of trouble" but were absolved of any other connection with the crimes.

A check-up revealed that young Rudolph's real name was William Armstrong; that he was a jail bird and known to former prison inmates as "The Missouri Kid," a skilled and experienced safecracker.

Meanwhile, Pinkerton agents swarmed over the dilapidated bunkhouse in search of clues. One of them, diving into the well, came up with a heavy canvas sack that looked as though it had gone through a fire and earthquake.

A bent, blackened penny fell out.

"Look!" he cried excitedly. "Nitroglycerin did this. Here's some of the Union bank loot."

The rest of the contents, \$500 in silver and gold coins, bore the same mute evidence and tied the two missing men definitely to the robbery. It also proved that Schumacher's mastery series of deductions had been right.

Operative George Charlesworth, rummaging through the bunkhouse cook stove, discovered a scrap of wrapping paper. It was badly charred but he was able to decipher passages of an unprintable poem, what appeared to be the words "Manila" and "Hartford," and the names "George Collins" and "George Ladien" written several times as if by someone practicing with a new pen.

Army officials, queried on the Manila angle, reported their records showed no George Ladien in the Philippine service, although there had been a George LaPlant, from Hartford, Conn.

Equipped with this added information George S. Dougherty, head of the New York office, hurried to Hartford where he soon picked up the trail of a George LaPlant, black sheep son of a respected family and lavish spender and patron of a certain establishment of not too good repute.

Dougherty, with Garrett J. Farrell and other city detectives, set a watch on the place and a few nights later were rewarded by seeing a short, stocky man and a tall, lanky one enter furtively.

They waited several hours till an attendant assisted the shorter down the steps to a waitingansom. While the others subsided him, Dougherty and Farrell rushed inside. There was Rudolph.

The gilded lilies in the parlor screamed as Dougherty leaped for him. In the struggle that ensued Rudolph lost his gun. Dougherty picked it up. That, with Farrell's help, finished matters.

But the Pinkertons were not through with them yet.

Three days before the trial, while guards' attention was distracted by a fake fight, Rudolph swung through a skylight, slid down a fire-pipe, landed on a bicycle and vanished from the scene.

Collins, unable to get out of his cell and join his pal in the escape, was tried, found guilty and sentenced to hang.

On Lincoln's Birthday, 1905, the Pinkertons located Rudolph again, safely hidden, as he thought, in a Kansas jail where he had been locked up under another name.

He arrived back in Union just in time to see Collins mount the scaffold. Fifty-five minutes after the trap was sprung he also had been convicted, and died on the same scaffold two months later.

RIDDLE in RED

by Jonathan Stagge

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

"ANOTHER murder attempt, eh, Dr. Westlake," said Francis Hale, father of red-haired Karen Hale, to me after she had been found unconscious in a quarry. Karen's rescue followed the day after the strange death of her red-haired twin sister Norma who had called at my home in quiet Kenmore and told me she and a friend, Libby Brompton, now dead, had done something terrible, that she was pursued by a man in a yellow taxi and feared she was going to be murdered in revenge. After she left I read a letter from Libby, she had dropped saying the taxi driver had threatened her and sworn to settle with Norma and Toni next. Who Toni was I didn't know.

I took Dawn, my young daughter, to Fallowfield, Norma's home nearby, to talk further. There I met Fersa, Norma's divorced mother, now Mrs. David Rowley, Mrs. Rowley's sister, Grace, wife of Judge Salter, David, Karen, Oliver, engaged to Norma and the Judge. They were hanging Christmas lights on the trees. Soon Norma galloped up in the dark, screamed and toppled. Her neck was broken. I saw a yellow taxi sliding away. Later, Dawn showed me where a wire had been strung over the drive. Norma must have ridden full-tilt into it. I told Police Inspector Cobb all I knew and he asked me to help him solve an evidently deliberate murder.

He started a hunt for the taxi driver, whose taxi we found burning and who we learned was Albert Williams. Karen denied knowing anyone called Toni. Then Hale, who had married Libby Brompton's mother, told me Fersa and Grace had a \$60,000 income from a fund left by their father, Samuel Shipton, but each of the three grandchildren was to get \$20,000 a year on marrying or on reaching twenty-five. Jimmie Salter, Grace's son, had been engaged to Karen two years ago but had died at that time in an auto accident. Now Norma was dead in an accident. Hale said the women were capable of liquidating Jimmie and Norma to save their income and would not hesitate to liquidate Karen too. He felt she was in grave danger. Cobb was impressed by this new murder motive and admitted it "looked like something." Later, at Fallowfield, as I talked to Oliver, now in love with Karen, I learned she was Toni, the third girl on the taxi driver's revenge list.

When I got home, Dawn said a little man had called, borrowed paper, written a note and taken it to Fallowfield. His description fitted the taxi driver. I rushed after him realizing Karen was in mortal danger. At the house I learned she had hurried out dropping a rude scrawl telling her to go to a shack near a quarry, identified by Oliver as an old spy-house. "We've got to reach it right away. It's a matter of life or death," I cried. Hale, Rowley and I followed Oliver. By flashlight we found Karen unconscious in the quarry. Someone had knocked her on the head. It was then that Hale called the happening "another murder attempt," adding, "Don't forget I warned you." We carried Karen home and she soon recovered but when I told her I knew the taxi driver had murdered Norma and tried to murder her she declared Norma's fall and hers had been accidents.

"That girl knows a lot," said Cobb. "She's not going to co-operate because she's scared the taxi driver will spill the dirt on her. But we'll get him and when we do there won't be much more than the shouting. I guess this is where you can help out." "That's great," I replied, but I hated to think I might be missing something.

(And Now Go on with the Story)

XVI

THAT sensation of being out of things was even stronger next morning. There had been another snowfall during the night and the Kenmore landscape out of my bedroom window could not have been more sparkling. The sun was shining in a soft blue sky. Snow like great slices of angel food cake weighed down the branches of the evergreens and transformed the lawn into a downy, voluptuous blanket.

No one could have wished for a lovelier day for the eve of Christmas Eve.

But to me it seemed dull. Even at breakfast while my inattentive daughter, already a little disenchanted by the golfish, engineered unbelievable twists in the conversation in order to introduce references to ships-in-bottles, I found myself with no Christmas spirit.

I was thinking all the time of Fallowfield. And throughout the morning spent in the regular old homespun round of patient-visiting through the valley, my thoughts were fixed exclusively on murder and mayhem and sudden death. As I snatched lunch with Dawn, as I worked through my early afternoon office patients, I found myself hungrier and hungrier for some news of Fallowfield. That showed how intense my ungenial curiosity about my neighbors' affairs had become.

And then, just as I had finished with my patients and was wandering aimlessly about the house, news from Fallowfield did arrive in the person of Mrs. Brompton-Hale.

She drove up to the front door and was ushered into the living-room by a rather reluctant Rebecca who showed signs of suspecting the respectability of my caller.

And I hardly blamed her. For in a modest, sober-living community like Kenmore, Mrs. Martha Hale was as exotic as a bird of paradise in a flock of plovers. That afternoon she was almost too extravagantly smart in something black and gold with a little fur cap. Her smile, which made her attractively unexpected face almost incandescent, was more than a little unsettling. She offered me a gloved hand and said:

"I just dropped in on the chance that you'd give me a cup of tea."

Tea was a refinement seldom seen in the Westlake establishment and I caught a glimpse of an I'm-not-going-to-let-that-woman-think-things-aren't-done-right-in-this-house expression on Rebecca's face, and I was sure that tea would be forthcoming.

It was. Almost before we had got out of the opening gambit of polite conversation Re-

becca marched in carrying a tray weighed down with every imaginable object including a most pretentious silver teapot which had been somebody's heirloom and which had seen in the attic for years.

While tea was being poured, the sensational Mrs. Hale kept the dialogue bobbing up and down like a ping-pong ball on a fountain. And then, at some moment which probably seemed psychological to her, she sipped her tea, stared at me with big, luminous eyes and said:

"I came here because I can't control my curiosity any longer, Doctor Westlake. Fallowfield's been a madhouse today. Karen won't say a word to anyone about what happened yesterday. The police inspector's been to see her. And he's talked to David, too. It's only too obvious that David, Oliver and even my own husband know something fantastic has happened. But no one will tell me a thing."

She leaned forward, and I noticed the hand that held the teacup was not quite steady. "That note for Karen which I found, this crazy thing happening right on top of poor Norma's death, there must be some tie-up between the two, isn't there?"

I was ashamed of myself, but this seemed to be meant and drunk to me. "Yes," I said. "There certainly is a tie-up."

The vivid white face was deadly serious now. "That means Norma's death wasn't an accident. That means... but this is too landish. I can hardly bring myself to say it. But somehow Norma was murdered. Is that it?"

I nodded.

"And—and the same person tried to murder Karen yesterday." Smartness had eliminated the more basic expression from Mrs. Hale's face. I couldn't tell whether that came as an emotional shock to her or merely a titillation to her curiosity. "Doctor Westlake, this is fabulous." She put her teacup down as if she found the combination of murder and tea-drinking a little too much for her nerves. "That man who brought the note, the man David spoke about, is—is the one who did it?"

"We think so."

"But who is he? What possible motive could he have for wanting to kill Karen and Norma?"

"All I know about him is that he is a taxi driver."

"A taxi driver," Mrs. Francis Hale sat up very straight and slim. She stared blankly.

"That's the Man Who Murdered My Son"
Cried Judge Salter, as the Taxi Driver Hurtled Past Dawn and Mrs. Salter.

Then, quite out of the blue, she said: "Jimmie Salter was killed in a taxi accident."

"Exactly." I was watching her with growing attention. "And I'd be grateful if you could tell me exactly how that accident happened."

"To Jimmie, you mean?" Mrs. Martha Hale seemed to be getting a little out of her stylish depth, a little flustered, too. "But no one knows exactly what happened, do they? No one except the Judge and Grace Salter. The Judge had everything hushed up. Nothing appeared in the newspapers. Neither he nor Grace has ever spoken a word about it to anyone. He just died in a taxi accident. That's all we know."

I found that particularly interesting.

MRS. HALE was watching me urgently. "But tell me more about this taxi driver. If—if Karen knows him, and she must, why doesn't she tell us?"

"That," I said, "is a complex question. But someone else must know him. Surely there's someone who can give us a hint."

"There was someone," I said.

She stared. "Who?"

Almost mildly I said: "Your daughter, Libby." "For the first time I was sure I had pierced Mrs. Hale in a vulnerable spot. Through some obscure inward change she looked suddenly older and much less smart. "What do you mean? What has Libby to do with this?"

"On the day before she died," I asked relentlessly, "did you happen to see a yellow taxi hanging around your house in Bar Harbor?"

"A yellow taxi?" she echoed. "No, how could I remember whether I noticed a taxi after all these months?"

"And she didn't tell you that she was frightened of a little man with a twisted lip, a man who was bounding her in a yellow taxi?"

"But you must be mad," Mrs. Hale had risen abruptly. She stood in front of me, a slender, tailored figure, her hands twisting each other convulsively. "You're trying to tell me that this thing that happened to Norma and Karen happened to Libby too, aren't you? You're trying to hint that Libby's death wasn't an accident, either."

"Didn't that ever occur to you, Mrs. Hale?"

"No, no. Of course it didn't."

"It seemed perfectly reasonable to you that your daughter should have climbed the rocks to watch the surf and tumbled off?"

"Of course it did."

"There was nothing at all that made you suspicious?"

She didn't seem to hear me then. She just stood there very straight and tense, her eyes far away from me and haunted with a kind of fearful astonishment.

"That check," she breathed. "That check for a thousand dollars... Was that why...?"

My ears were definitely pricked up.

"She wrote a thousand dollar check the day she died?"

"She started and then stared at me almost with horror as if she realized she had told me something she hadn't meant me to know."

"I found it in her bedroom, written out

to cash. But that's nothing to do with this, nothing at all." She smiled, a rather wild imitation of a social smile. "I'm sorry, Doctor Westlake. What you've told me has been such a shock. I think I..."

She stopped and held out her hand. I took it. Almost before I had time to realize what had happened, she had left in an agitated flutter.

I sat for a moment staring at Rebecca's grandiose cookies and her silver teapot which had scarcely been used.

Mrs. Martha Hale had certainly given more than she had taken. From me she had received half a cup of tea and a little very stale news; from her I had received the absorbing information that Libby Brompton had written a check to cash for a thousand dollars on the day that she died.

In a way that was as fantastic as anything that had come out to date.

For it not only indicated that the taxi driver had been trying to blackmail his victims too, which opened up an entirely new vista. The fact that the check had remained un cashed proved something far more extraordinary.

The behavior of the taxi driver had, from the beginning, been obscure to say the least of it. Now it seemed to have passed beyond the realms of reason.

He had killed Libby Brompton, it appeared, after she had written a check and before she had time to cash it. He had killed that particular goose when it was on the verge of producing the golden egg.

That, I thought, was no way even for a not too intelligent blackmailer to act.

Although I had been given the official air, I thought this development was important enough to justify a telephone call to Cobb. He did not seem particularly im-

(Continued on Page 13)

His Plea Sounded Like a Secret Code When It Appeared in the Sedate London Newspapers But It Was Really the Heart-Broken Cry of a Distracted Manufacturer

At Left—The English Motion Picture Actress, Florence Desmond, Who Will Not Appear Before the Camera Unless She Is Wearing One of Mr. Parbury's Elephant Hair Rings.

The Tail of an Indian Elephant Showing a Growth of Stiff, Curving Bristles Now Worth Their Weight in Gold to Mr. Parbury.

Why Mr. Parbury Advertised for Elephant Hairs

LONDON, Jan. 9.
Wanted: Elephant tails or loose hairs. Will pay cash. Tarrant, 133 Finchley Road, London, N. W.

WHEN this curious advertisement appeared in the sedate columns of the London Daily Telegraph, the censor thought it was either a hoax or else a complex secret code.

A representative of The American Weekly was sent out to track down "Mr. Tarrant of Finchley Road." He received instructions that if anything appeared mysterious on the premises he was to notify the Home Office or Scotland Yard. He was to take no chances.

What he found alarmed him at first.

Mr. Tarrant wasn't Mr. Tarrant at all. It was a name assumed by a Mr. Parbury who lived in a respectable house in a well known suburb—just the sort of place spies call home.

But Mr. Parbury wasn't a spy and he had assumed the name for business reasons. He was a British soldier of World War I, honorably discharged. Aply, he could be called a graveyard custodian with England itself the long-lost graveyard to which elephants are supposed to go when they die. Mr. Parbury admitted that he had placed the advertisement and that it was no hoax or secret code.

He wanted elephant hairs. He needed them badly, desperately, or his business would go to pot. For a number of years charms were made of elephant hairs and Mr. Parbury was the principal manufacturer. But since the war began they have taken on a new meaning. All because a few well known people who were wearing them managed to escape the first blitzes.

Until recently, rings, bracelets, wristwatch straps and brooches made of elephant hairs were on sale only at the exclusive stores. Now they are being sold by the hundreds thousands in chain stores all over the British Empire. Mr. Parbury worked hard to meet the demand, but a few months ago his supply became dangerously short. Before the war, he obtained his supply from Africa, having worked up an extensive organization with big game hunters, game wardens and local merchants. The tails rolled in by the hundreds. Then came the blitz. Hundreds of tails, Mr. Parbury knows, are waiting for him in the ports of East Africa. But wartime restrictions are keeping them there.

Then Mr. Parbury decided to behave like every other businessman in need of a commodity. He would advertise. To his amazement, elephant tails poured in. It seemed that almost every housewife in the country had seized on the opportunity to clean out the attic and just have a good excuse for getting rid of the ugly old trophy from India or Africa which Grandpa had been keeping as a memento of his safari days. Gouty old Colonels and red-tailed retired Generals, responding to Mr. Parbury's call of sacrifice, removed their elephant tails from the walls of their studies and brought them to him.

Judging by the number of tails brought him, Mr. Parbury identified England as the long-lost graveyard of the elephants. One old country farmer packed up two tails and said he would willingly dispose of them for an ounce of gold, as baccy was short in his district. But a grateful Mr. Parbury sent him in return a half pound of the very best tobacco.

The result of the advertisement is that this charm-maker now has enough tails to keep his workshop going for many weeks. He has miles and miles of elephant hair to be turned into all sorts of amulets and charms to meet the demand for strength and luck. Those who have met Mr. Parbury think there is a lot in his theory. For although houses all around him have been badly blitzed

Phyllis Nelson-Terry, Shakespearean Actress, Who Always Wears One of the Elephant Hair Bracelets and Attributes to It Her Success in Such Diverse Roles as Lady Macbeth and Viola in "Twelfth Night."

lately, his home with its boxes and boxes of elephant hair, has not been touched. There is not even a window broken in it. Mr. Parbury's odd profession has its roots in history.

It was three thousand years ago that an Indian peasant appeared before a great Indian Maharajah to ask for a favor.

The legend goes that the peasant had done the mighty prince a good turn in the jungle by giving him a drink on a hot Summer's day. As a reward the peasant was told to appear at the palace the next day to ask for anything he wanted.

"I wanted to be as strong as an elephant," said the half-starved and puny Indian.

"Is that all you want as a reward? Is that the only thing you can think of that I can give you?" asked the astonished Prince.

"Yes, Your Highness. That is all. For with great strength a man could rule the world."

The Prince consulted his wise men and they gave the peasant a long list of prescriptions and charms and strange incantations, all of which, it was said, would give him great strength.

The peasant went away. He stayed away a year.

"Your Highness," he said on his return to the Maharajah's court, "I have spent twelve months trying the many prescriptions your advisers gave me to turn me into a strong man. But they have all failed. So I still claim my reward which you said you would surely give. I still demand to be given the power to become as strong as an elephant."

The Maharajah was nonplussed. Again he called his wisemen. But they had nothing new to offer.

So the Prince, to get rid of the peasant, called him close and whispered:

"Here is the real secret of strength. Get a hair from an elephant's tail, turn it into a ring or a bracelet and wear it always. It will give you strength and good fortune. But don't tell a soul about this precious secret."

The peasant thanked his ruler and left the palace.

Evelyn Laye, Star of American and British Films, Who Thinks So Much of the Lucky Amulets That She Has Persuaded Many of Her Friends on the Stage and Screen to Wear Them.

Another year passed. Then he returned once again. But this time it was not as a disillusioned subject.

He arrived as a powerful leader of men, with an army so strong that within three days he was able to depose the Maharajah and seize his kingdom!

In gratitude, however, for the way in which the secret of strength and good fortune was passed on to him, he ordered that his deposed rival should be treated with the greatest respect and be given a fine palace to live in.

The only restriction he placed on the captive's activity was that he should never, under any circumstances, have access to an elephant, or to anyone who could give him a hair from the tail of an elephant. The new Maharajah was taking no risks.

From that day, according to Indian legend, a hair from the tail of an elephant has been most prized as a giver of fortune.

Every Maharajah, every great prince, soldier and business man of India today wears one or more of the hairs as an essential part of his adornment. Without such a charm, they believe, evil would surely result.

Every Maharajah, every hour of the harem, will give a fortune in jewels to obtain such a hair, for only personal possession of such an amulet can make them sure of winning and retaining a lifelong position in the household. At the other end of the scale, Indian peasants will take any risks to get an elephant hair. Many of them defy death by annoying an elephant by plucking the hairs out of its tail.

When an elephant is shot there is always a frantic rush by the natives to seize one or

more hairs before the animal is actually dead. If several of them get trampled to death in the process—well, that is sure proof to the others that anyone not possessing such a hair is decidedly unlucky.

It's a long way from the jungle to London of 1942. Yet the craze of wearing elephant hairs has intensified almost beyond belief since the war began.

Mr. Parbury first heard of the charms when he served a short time in India with the army. When he was disabled in the war in 1917 he found himself unable to go back to his work in the post office department and looked around for something else to do.

He started making the charms and found that once he got started he didn't have to advertise them at all. There are many authenticated cases in which the wearing of Mr. Parbury's rings by air-raid wardens, ambulance workers, firemen, soldiers and sailors has been accompanied by marvelous cases of escape, or by extraordinary rescues.

A number of Britain's leading ladies say they dare not go in front of the footlights without their elephant charms. Phyllis Nelson-Terry, Florence Desmond, Gaby Deslys and Evelyn Laye have all stated their implicit faith in this luck-bringing charm.

Not is this belief confined to the feminine sex. Lupino Lane, the movie star who made the Lambeth Walk famous, says he never moves an inch without one of these rings. If he could he would like to have one of the

rings permanently fixed to his hand. Unlike the elephant's foot belonging to an animal she herself had shot in India some years ago.

Since then, however, she has obtained an elephant's hair ring from Mr. Parbury, "because it would look a bit strange carrying an elephant's foot about with me wherever I went to ward off danger."

Mr. Parbury has studied his subject a good deal, but most Indians, he says, are very shy of giving out any of their secrets. "I have learned," he said, "that the elephant's hair is considered just as lucky in Africa as it is in India, although I cannot say that the African hair differs in potency from that of India. The only reason I get my tails from Africa is that the hair is longer and not quite so brittle as the hair from Indian or Malayan elephants."

"About the time I started making my rings, elephants were all the rage 'for luck.' They were embroidered on all kinds of clothes, used as designs on stationery and in novelties, and actually turned into subjects of collections."

"That set the ball rolling. It was a short step from that to wearing small charms made of the hairs of the elephant, which were legendarily regarded as a real sort of good fortune."

"There always was something solid, comforting, about the elephant. He would never let you down. And as his tail-hair was as strong as whalebone, as supple as wire, and as decorative as man's ingenuity cared to make it, it is surprising that my new charms caught on."

"Then, by sheer luck, I found a translation of an old Indian tale which I used as a sort of selling-talk:—

"If you wish for luck and success that is rare—

You ought to possess an elephant's hair!"

"I suppose that was an echo really of the good old days in India when it was considered a sign of good luck to possess a whole elephant. For one had to be successful financially to keep one of these things which demand every day a quarter of a ton of grass, 25 lbs. of grain, 50 lbs. of chopped straw, 5 lbs. of sugar or molasses and various quantities of delicacies such as bamboo shoots, fruit and nuts."

MADE CUTTING OUT PAPER DOLLS A FINE ART

An American Girl Got the Talent From Her Polish Ancestors But Has Worked Out a Remarkable Modern Technique All Her Own

WHEN youngsters cut out paper dolls, parents look on tolerantly and dismiss it as a childish whim. When grown-ups try the same paper-cutting art, they are promptly bundled off to the booby-hatch. But here's the story of a woman, neither childish nor wacky, who spends much time with scissors and paper, fashioning dolls. And if you think she is on the goofy side, remember that when Erica Hanka Gorecka takes up her shears, business houses shell out good money for her work, and artists applaud her skill.

Paper sculpture was originally a Polish peasant art form, but it remained for Miss Gorecka, an American of Polish descent, to improve and commercialize the old art in a big way. As a result, she has cut a niche for herself in the business world with her clever and artistic life-sized paper dolls, and department stores throughout the nation have graced their windows with her creations.

Miss Gorecka works directly with heavy-weight paper, usually white, and makes no preliminary sketches. A skeleton, cut from plywood with a jigsaw, establishes the rough outlines of the figure. To this plywood base, the paper is added in many sections and little pieces. Every little tail, bow and button, every feather and flower is carefully cut out and glued on. Many of the parts are stapled together.

A full five-foot figure takes about six to seven hours of steady work. The more elaborate ones take up to two days. Miss Gorecka works swiftly, and her stylized, three-dimensional figures, as can be seen from the pictures on this page, reflect an almost life-like touch. Her work, if it could be put into a permanent form, could easily create a new field for sculpture.

Although she seldom uses living models to pose for her figures, she admits she is inspired by great actors, singers, orchestra conductors and famous people. She often uses photographs of these celebrities in making her giant dolls. A typical example of this is the photograph in the upper left-hand corner of this page. It is a classic caricature of Lily Pons, the singer, dressed for the leading role in the opera, "Bohème."

Paper sculpture as done by the peasants of Poland entered a more sophisticated phase after the first World War. Then, owing to a shortage of Christmas ornaments, Polish artists took up the work of fashioning intricate decorations and figures out of paper. No one taught Miss Gorecka the art of making these dolls. This accomplishment is partly an inheritance from her forebears, and partly a development of her own creative genius.

Miss Gorecka is a young woman, having graduated from college less than five years ago. She spent her first few years after graduation serving as assistant art director—and a good one—at the Polish Pavilion at the New York World's Fair.

A Martial and Patriotic Note Is Struck by This Remarkably Clever Life-Size Figure Fashioned of Paper.



Action, Grace and Courteously Manners Make the Big and Intricate Paper Dolls at the Left Seem Almost Alive.



The Surprising Variety and Flexibility of Miss Gorecka's Skill With the Scissors and the Paste Pot Is Apparent in the Sun Bather at the Left.

Just How Graciously Artistic a Paper Doll Can Be Is Strikingly Shown in the Life-Size Figure of an Opera Singer at the Right.



Chasing America's Most Exclusive Bird

If someone was to approach you and tell you that there are 24 rare birds, the last of a dying species, scattered over the United States and that it was your job to go out and find them, what would you do?

The chances are ten-to-one that you would set the job down as impossible. Ridiculous, you would say, and dismissing any such undertaking as worse than the proverbial hunt for the needle-in-the-haystack.

But here's the story of a man—Dr. James Tanner of Tennessee State Teachers' College—who was offered just such a job and took it. The National Audubon Society made the offer, telling him to go out and find specimens of the rare and rapidly disappearing Ivory-billed woodpecker.

Not only did the Society want Dr. Tanner to locate the bird, but also to find out just why the species, once numerous in this country, is vanishing.

For three years, he scoured every section of the country. He went by car, train, and boat. He tramped thousands of woods. In all he covered over 45,000 miles on what might seem to be the silliest wild goose chase on record.

But he made good. In a thick forest, called the Singer Tract in Louisiana, he found five Ivory-billed woodpeckers.

Not only did he catch up with the birds, but he learned why they were dying off, and discovered ways and means to prevent their total extinction.

In his findings, recently published by the Audubon Society, Dr. Tanner reported

that these rare woodpeckers, of which only 24 are believed to exist, are dying off because—believe it or not—there is a shortage of dead trees.

"The primary food of the Ivory-bill is wood-boring insect larvae that live between the bark and the sapwood of recently dead trees," Dr. Tanner reported. "It feeds primarily on the larger trees of the forest, 87 per cent being trees that have trunks over a foot in diameter."

Logging operations of modern times have denuded large forest areas thereby wiping out the feeding grounds, he discovered. Foresters, seeking to prevent fires, order trees cut down before decay and decay damage the wood. Starvation, and not the hunters' gun, as was first thought, has led to the gradual disappearance of the Ivory-billed woodpecker.

Where Hog Callers Scare Tigers

AMERICAN road-builders deep in the jungles of Panama, seeking protection against marauding tigers and panthers, have made the startling discovery that the piercing cry of the Iowa hog-caller will cause these man-killers to take to their heels. The animals' fear of the shrill "Soo-ee-ee, Soo-ee-ee" was discovered by a group of surveyors, engaged in constructing the 50-mile highway between Colon and Panama City, when a tiger stalked into the clearing where they were working.

The men hurriedly scattered, some running towards the brush, others for rifles which were stacked nearby. But before anybody could get his hands on

a gun, one of the workers cupped his hands to his mouth, drew a deep breath and shattered the sultry air with a shrill "Soo-ee-ee."

It was hard to say who was most startled, the men or the tiger. The effect on the latter, however, was prompt. The big cat came to a sharp halt, spun around, and bolted back into the jungle at great lightning speed.

The surprised surveyors, relieved at the rapid-fire disappearance of the tiger, gathered around their savior, demanding to know where he had picked up such a devastating war-whoop. The majority of the workers were city men who had never been told about Iowa

hog-calls, and a deep breath and shattered the sultry air with a shrill "Soo-ee-ee."

The good news that the hog-shout would scare a tiger or a panther half out of his wits quickly spread throughout the construction camp, and by nightfall more than 3,000 laborers and technicians were hard at it trying to imitate the long-drawn out "Soo-ee-ee" of the Iowa farmer.

Engineers, who recently returned from this road-building job, reported that for weeks the practicing shouts of the workers echoed and re-echoed

through the jungles, making the wilds of Panama sound more like a hog-calling contest at a county fair than an engineering project.

But the bellicose howling did the trick. John Humbard, an engineer of the Public Roads Administration, and superintendent of the construction work, reports that now his men are good amateur hog callers with little fear of tigers.



Before One of the Jungle Road Builders Had Time to Reach His Rifle the Tiger Was Scared Off by the Believing Voice of Another Surveyor Who Was an Ex-Hogcaller.

(Continued from Page 8)

pressed as I passed on the news about Libby's check.

"So the taxi driver was black-mailing them too, eh?" His tone bordered on the smug. "Might have guessed it. That's just one more thing against him, and it won't be long before we get him." He paused and then added patronizingly: "I'll let you know as soon as he's in custody, Westlake."

He rang off then. I felt jittery and impatient. Dinner time came, and, after dinner, another quietly savage backgammon game with Dawn. I still had no telephone call from Cobb. Apparently, the taxi driver had been harder to pick up than the Inspector had anticipated.

Eventually Dawn's bedtime came. I showed her upstairs and settled down for a nightcap in front of the fire. I was still expecting to hear from Cobb. I certainly didn't expect what I got.

I don't know exactly what time it was, but quite a long while after Dawn had been relegated to her bed, she appeared again. She came running breathlessly into the living-room, entirely enveloped in a capacious pair of striped pajamas which were designed with long range vision to carry her through the following year. Hamish, came bounding sleepily after her.

"Daddy, I had to come down."

Dawn was looking excited and important and out of breath. "I had to come because I thought you'd want to know that the patient came back."

"Patient?"

"Yes, the funny patient with the white gloves and the lip."

I stared incredulously.

"I've seen him," went on Dawn tempestuously, "from the window. He's standing there under the porch lights right out there in front of the front door. Sort of wondering whether or not to come in. You better hurry and open the door or he may go away again."

I didn't need that advice, of course. While she was still speaking, I made a dash for the hall.

My thoughts were swirling—and somehow, in there with the other things, was a sense of triumph. Cobb had smugly anticipated an arrest. He had bowed me out. The taxi driver was going to have been his own prize bird.

Now, as before, the prize bird had flown into my own front yard.

I went to the door. I pulled it open.

A man was standing on the steps. He started, made a move as if to run away and then held his ground.

I stared at him with the sort of avid fascination with which one might look at a unicorn startlingly exhibited at a zoological garden.

Because Albert Williams was an almost legendary figure, a legendary man of terror with three murders and one attempted murder to his credit.

And yet, although his general appearance tallied with the description Norma had given, he lacked about all of the legend's sinister stature.

As he stood there under the faint light of the porch, that allegedly triple murderer looked, if anything, rather forlorn. A small, slowish man in an old gray coat and wearing very dirty white gloves.

A little man with beady eyes, small feet, a curiously misshapen upper lip probably caused by some accident in youth. A lip which was drawn backward now in an awkward, almost ingratulating smile.

XVII

I STOOD there at the front door, my fingers still on the handle. The taxi driver stood on the steps. We both stared at each other—guardedly.

For me it was quite a moment. At last I was face to face with the man who had come to be the very embodiment of the mystery at Fallowfield. Standing there in front of me was the man whom Cobb and his entire force of policemen were hunting.

I felt the way a rabbit butterfly-catcher must feel when the rarest and most exotic of all specimens alights at his very feet. There was tingling excitement coupled with sheer terror lest the prize might still elude me. Because this time I couldn't let Albert Williams escape. Somehow I had to lure him into the house and keep him with Cobb. Whatever happened, I had to move wisely. The least sign of suspicion, the least show of excess eagerness—and Albert Williams might spread his fabulous wings and skin away before I could entice him with my net.

He was the one who spoke first. He said in a hoarse, rather belittling voice:

"You got to fix me up, Doc. I can't take this pain any longer. It's my hands. Burn 'em."

I looked at him, a small, bed-



ragged figure in an overcoat that was too large for him—and grimy white gloves. So that then the explanation of the white gloves which had seemed so sinister when Dawn described him to me.

He had burned his hands. How? By setting fire to the taxi. Trying to seem like an ordinary doctor confronted with a rather unwanted patient, I said:

"It's kind of late, you know. Way past office hours."

"But you got to!" The beady little eyes were imploring.

"Please, Doc."

"Okay," I said. "Come in."

He moved up the steps. Every nerve in my body seemed ready to take a jump. He came into the hall. I shut the door behind him, my hand unsteady with exhilaration.

Caught...

"This way," I said, turning away from him into the patient's waiting room. "My office is right through here."

I had to turn on lights because everything had been fixed for the night. He shuffled after me, pausing in the dark while I fumbled with the switch and then blinking at the light and following me like a little dog through to the office.

Does he know of my connection with the police? That was the question that loomed large in my thoughts. If he did, things would be much harder. And surely he must at least have his suspicions. Because Dawn had told him about the wire and that in itself showed I knew Norma's death had not been accidental.

And yet, if he knew how close was my tie-up with the Inspector, surely he would never have dared approach me like this—burnt hands or no burnt hands.

I FOUND the light in the office. I took off my jacket and slipped into a white coat. I turned to look at him. He was standing with his back to the curtained window. If it hadn't been for the grotesque change of the misshapen lip, he would have seemed like any of a million other small, humble men overwhelmed by life. So harmless. And yet I remembered photographs I had seen of murderers. They often seemed to be like that—timid wisps of men with too much anger in them.

"Well," I said, "take off your overcoat and I'll have a look at the hands."

His eyes slid to the door. "I'll keep my coat on." Then, cautiously, his mouth under the crooked upper lip twitching with pain, he started peeling off the gloves. "Here, Doc." He held out his hands. "You can fix 'em, can't you? Fix 'em so there won't be no more pain?"

I took hold of his little wrists and looked at the hands. They were in pretty bad shape. The skin on both of them was blistered and scorched.

"No wonder you've had pain," I said.

"It's been something terrible, Doc."

"Happened quite some time ago, didn't it? You should have had them attended to earlier."

I looked up at his face and then, as he disappeared behind only just registered, I said casually: "Weren't you here yesterday evening?" My daughter said something about a patient...

"Sure, I came." He watched me, his tongue sliding out between his teeth. "You weren't here any 'I didn't have time to wait. Had to scram."

Had to scram in order to keep an appointment. "My ordering Karen, I thought grimly. I was more than conscious of the fantasy of a situation in which I had to treat this man as a routine patient and pretend I knew nothing about him.

"When did you get these burns?" I asked.

RIDDLE in RED

What Did the Taxi Driver, Triple Murder Suspect, Mean by Saying That He Had to Burn His Taxi and by His Strange Remark About "Getting Up on That Ladder?"

"Day before yesterday, Doc."

He paused and then smiled a strange, pale smile. "Happened quite late at night. Matter of fact, I came right over then to have you fix 'em up. I'd seen the sign outside your door earlier. But—well, it was kind of late. I hung around, but I figured I better not disturb you. So—"

The smile became a sort of watery grin—"so I spent the night in your barn."

I was surprised that he had come right out and told me that. Surprised but satisfied too. For I knew definitely now why he had made that curious rant across country to my back door, why he had stood there outside Dawn's bedroom window, smoking cigarette after cigarette.

It had been simply this—a desire to have a doctor fix his burnt hands.

I went to one of the drug closets for some tannic acid. As I came back with it, I said:

"How did you happen to burn yourself?"

He shrugged this shoulders. "I took a chance then. As I started to apply the tannic acid I said, 'here was a car that burned up over Stark Hill was I suppose that wasn't yours?'"

Very sharply he said: "What if it was?"

"Oh, nothing. I just wondered it was an accident. I guess?"

"Accident!" He spat the word back at me. I looked up from his hands. His little eyes were rather frightening now because there was so much hatred in them—a hatred which seemed to take possession of all of him and which was too extreme to be entirely sane.

"Nothing that happens to me's an accident. It's all on account of 'them.'"

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I took a chance then. As I started to apply the tannic acid I said, "here was a car that burned up over Stark Hill was I suppose that wasn't yours?"

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"Nothing that happens to me's an accident. It's all on account of 'them.'"



His upper lip curled back, showing his teeth. It wasn't a smile. "I was a regular taxi driver in New York City once—working on a regular job. They fired that. Then when all that was through I managed to buy myself a second-hand taxi and work a little town upstate on my own. Wasn't doing so bad, but that taxi was the only thing I had, see? Now I had to burn the taxi, the one thing I got on account of 'them.'"

It is hard to give an impression of the savage spite that shook his little body as he referred to "them." It was pretty sure then that I had a very unstable character on my hands someone more than capable of committing almost any outrage to avenge real or imaginary wrongs inflicted on him by "them."

And I had, of course, a very shrewd suspicion as to who "they" were.

I had been amazed at first when this sinister story had started to pour out. But I was amazed no longer because I realized that Albert Williams had reached a point in his hatred where it had become more important than anything else.

Whether or not I was connected with the police, whether or not I suspected him of murder and attempted murder were things

same. "Nothing that happens to me's an accident. It's all on account of 'them.'"

(Continued on Page 14)



POND'S NEW Dry Skin CREAM

Now Pond's brings out a NEW KIND of cream—made especially for dry, rough, sensitive skin

Now the makers of famous Pond's Creams bring out a new cream—Pond's Dry Skin Cream.

It is a new kind of cream. The answer to one of women's greatest complexion heartbreaks—dry skin!

This cream is so effective because:

1. It contains Lanolin, an oil very similar to natural skin oil.
2. This Lanolin has been "homogenized"—pressure-mixed—to help it soak better into the dried outer layers of your skin.
3. There is also a special emulsifier—fine extra aid in softening dry skin.

If your skin is dry, rough, flaky—if there are little dry lines that add years to your looks, then you need Pond's Dry Skin Cream. After you have cleansed your skin, just smooth on this luscious, gleaming cream. (Feel its extra-soft, extra-rich texture!) Leave on 5 minutes—better, 15 minutes or overnight. Do this daily. Then see the difference!

"When did you get these burns?" I asked.

3 Special Features

1. LANOLIN—on oil very similar to natural skin oil.
2. HOMOGENIZED—to help it soak better into the dried outer layers of your skin.
3. Special EMULSIFIER to give extra softening help.

Thrilling Softness! See how the use of this amazing new beauty aid has helped soften your dry skin, sliding make it more supple, helped make those little dry lines show less. No wonder women who try this new cream are so enthusiastic about it—come back for more.

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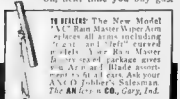
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Each time the tires of a passing car splash up a puddle of water, raindrops, sleet or snow, it's a reminder that your windshield wiper blades are too dull to clear a smooth, sparkling trail. That's why now, for a dollar or less, you get put on for yourself at almost any good gas station—a handsome or lovely New Rain-Master Wiper Blade. One-piece molded rubber. Pressure-molded. Patented design. Top full-length wiping edge. Original equipment on every new car. No more "be" cause they clean you better—clean clearer. Last longer. Protect yourself and passengers. Have a pair of Rain-Master Blades put on, next time you buy gas.



IF THERE'S anything new in the field of wipers, you'll find it described in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.

ONE DANCE DER FUEHRER DOESN'T LIKE

BACK in the days before Adolf Hitler's mystical intuition inspired him to throw out half a dozen generals and take command of his army in person, the ex-corporal found the Terpsichorean antics of dancing girls a pleasant relaxation from his dictatorial duties.

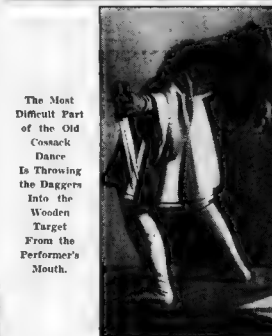
There are reports that he summoned several pretty and shapely performers into his presence from time to time and beheld like any other tired business man the ladies of the resolute at an all-night club floor show.

Lately, it is said, Der Fuehrer hasn't had the time or the inclination for such delightful diversions—and it may be that the photographs on this page are a clue to his present lack of interest in those who trip the light fantastic toe.

Those pictures show an American dancer named Victoria Lane presenting her version of the old Caucasian dagger dance which originated with the hard-drinking Cossacks of Russia. It is said that the Muscovite soldiers who have been giving Hitler the flutters all along the war's European eastern front sometimes go into their wild, and skilful dagger dance to relax from their martial activities and to celebrate the recapture of parts of their homeland once occupied by the Nazis.

With all due respect to Miss Lane, the Cossacks are better at their ancient dance than she is—they sometimes do it on horseback, throwing the keen-edged knives from their hands and their teeth into wooden targets while galloping full-tit.

It is reported that German orators—usually officers—are sometimes "entertained" by troops of Cossacks doing their dagger dance. These unwilling audiences don't like the show



The Most Difficult Part of the Old Cossack Dance Is Throwing the Daggers Into the Wooden Target From the Performer's Mouth.

Many a Russian Soldier on the Eastern Front Has Relaxed From His Grim Labors by Dancing in the Manner of the Young Woman Who Never Will Be Invited to Amuse Herr Hitler.



The Most Dramatic Moment in the Old Cossack Dagger Dance, as Performed by Miss Victoria Lane, Comes When She Lights the Handle of the Knives and Throws Them into the Wooden Target at Her Feet.

RIDDLE IN RED

(Continued from Page 13)

that had no place in his consciousness.

Cautiously, I rubbed ointment over the skin of his hands, trying to make myself as inconspicuous as possible. I was afraid of offending and breaking the even flow of his malevolence.

And all the time I was thinking: How can I get in touch with Cobb without frightening him away?

The silence became prolonged and I felt he needed a word of encouragement. I murmured: "So there's someone who's been gunning for you, eh?"

"Gunning for me?" Raining my life! That's what they've been trying to do." His whole body shook. "Raining my life."

"Gangsters maybe?" I asked. "Gangsters?" He snorted. "Gus, Doc, Three little society girls, pretty as pictures, just as sweet as they could be. They gave it to me. They fixed me in New York. They did it. Three little girls."

My fingers moved gently over his palms, rubbing the ointment in. I felt a queer twinge of excitement. He had actually said it now. Three little girls—Libby, Norma, Karen.

His lower lip was trembling now under the weight of his vindictiveness. "They thought they could get away with it. Doc. They were that dumb. Get away with it."

I could feel the tautness in him, almost like an electric current, trembling from hands to mine. "One of 'em was up at one of them classy seaside places this summer. I got a friend with a moving van. I didn't want to be seen driving a New York taxi all that way through the country. Sort of attract attention. So I got the pal of mine to take the taxi up there in his van." He gave a little teasing laugh. "That girl didn't feel so good when she

saw me and my taxi hanging around. No, sir. That fixed her all right."

I could hardly trust myself to keep hold of my surface composure. Here—as nearly as anything could be—was a confession for Libby's murder right out of his own lip.

How to get in touch with Cobb?

"And the other two girls?" I breathed, hardly daring to speak in case I should bring him back

(Continued on Page 15)



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ARE YOU A GOOD COOK? Have you found some novel way to pull a meal out of the doldrums with a recipe that adds zest to an ordinary dish? THE AMERICAN WEEKLY pays \$5 for each recipe selected and used in the "Housewife's Food Almanac"—the unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue. Turn your experience in cookery into profit!

TICK! TOCK! LADY, YOU'RE ABOUT TO CHANGE YOUR MIND!

YOU DON'T NEED STRONG HARD-ON-HANDS PACKAGE SOAPS FOR FAST DISHWASHING! TRY NEW IVORY...

TALK ABOUT FAST! IVORY'S "VELVET SUDS" CLEAN DISHES JUST AS FAST AS STRONGEST PACKAGE SOAPS! TIME YOURSELF AND SEE!

SA-A-Y! I'VE REVIVED A ROMANCE! HUBBY'S PULLING THAT "SMOOTH LITTLE HANDS" LINE AGAIN.

WHAT! YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THAT NEW "Velvet-Suds" Ivory is changing dishwashing habits everywhere? Lady, lady! High time you discovered why! Best time to try it is right now...

HARD WATER? Hmph! Ivory suds fast anyway with just a swish—Swish—SWISH! Watch those dishes come clean! You don't lose a minute with improved Ivory!

COMPLIMENTS heard again within 12 days after you change to New Ivory. Milder than 10 leading toilet soaps—it helps hands stay smoother, softer.

SPEED DISHWASHING... NO RISK OF "STRONG-SOAP" HANDS!

NEW "VELVET-SUDS" IVORY SOAP

DON'T DOUSE A GOOD HEAD OF HAIR

Hair loses its natural good looks when "doused" each morning with water or anything else. Instead, comb a few drops of Vaseline Hair Tonic. Notice how easy your hair is to manage... how well-groomed it looks!



CHECK DRY SCALP FIRST - IF YOU WANT HANDSOME HAIR!

DON'T wait until hard-to-manage hair and loose strands warn you of Dry Scalp. For often you have Dry Scalp without knowing it! Fortunately there is a quick, effective way to check Dry Scalp... to return your hair to its natural good looks. See how easy it is!

(1) EACH MORNING, shake a few drops of Vaseline Hair Tonic on your comb and run it through your hair. Vaseline Hair Tonic has special qualities that fight Dry Scalp.

(2) EACH WEEK, before your shampoo, massage thoroughly with plenty of Vaseline Hair Tonic. Buy a bottle to day... and you'll enjoy a handsome, healthier-looking head of hair than you ever dreamed you could have!



Vaseline Hair Tonic is different, containing no drying ingredients. By actually supplementing the natural scalp oils, Vaseline Hair Tonic adds to the beauty of your hair... the hair becomes well-moistened and naturally healthy.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

Does Your Cooking Make a Hit?

HAVE you some special way of cooking or baking that makes certain dishes tastier and really delicious? THE AMERICAN WEEKLY will pay \$5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used in the "Housewife's Food Almanack", the unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue.

Read the easy-to-follow rules on that page!

RITA HAYWORTH, STARRING IN COLUMBIA PICTURES



Says Rita Hayworth: "Your complexion can grow lovelier, day by day. Just have a Nightcap nightly with Woodbury Cold Cream. Why Woodbury? Because in this cream are beauty oils to help rescue your skin from dryness... dryness may foreshadow (fine lines). You'll find, as I do—Woodbury brings results!" Nightly, Rita

cleanses with Woodbury. Then, after removing this cream, she dabs on a sheer veil of Woodbury Cold Cream for all-night moisture. She can trust her complexion to Woodbury, for an exclusive ingredient is constantly acting to purify the cream right in the air. Repeated nightly, this Nightcap soon leads to a dazzling complexion. Ask Rita!



WOODBURY Cold Cream
Beauty Nightcap of the Stars

RIDIN' TRAIL BACK TO THE OLD WILD WEST

(Continued from Double Page)

wanted to have the fun of killing his man by slow degrees.

One day he heard Jules was on the division. With four of his men he started out after him. He offered a reward for Jules alive, but said he wouldn't pay anything for him dead. He wanted to do the killing himself.

Slade's four men were sent on ahead to the relay station where the Fremont had been seen.

"Take him any way you can, but don't harm him," were Slade's orders.

The killer lurked a few miles behind until he saw two of his men galloping toward him.

"We got him!" they yelled. "Caught him off guard."

"Yuh didn't shoot 'im?" Slade asked.

"Now, didn't fire a shot. Got him tied up at the corral."

Slade set aurs to his horse. In a few minutes he slipped out of the saddle at the relay station and dropped his reins.

Without a word he walked to the corral. Sure enough, there tied up with his back to a post, stood his worst enemy. It was the first time they had met since that day when Jules told the boys to bury his dead and Slade had reared up to snarl bloody defiance and make his threat.

"I'm a man o' my word, Jules," Slade's words were slow and cold.

"I'm goun' to return that lead you poured into me, just to see how much you can hold. An' while you're thinkin' that over, don't forget about the ears."

Slade turned and foiled with his six-shooters a white, whirling then in his hands a slick trick of the old gun-fighters to turn the tables on a man when ordered to hand over their pistols.

If a man ever enjoyed a killing Joe Slade sure enjoyed that one. He was a crack shot and he knew it.

So, after letting Jules think it over while he fired a few trick shots at his victim.

His bullets poked Jules just about every place on his body before he got through. They weren't aimed to kill, just to cut enough flesh to sting and draw blood.

Ann's pretty good today, ain't it, Jules?" he gloated as he'd whirled and fire while walking away, ripping another skin sound in the helpless man's body.

He played with him like a cat with a half-dead mouse.

Jules knew better than to expect any mercy, so he didn't bother to ask for it. He'd plead for his life with a mob of men, yes, but why waste breath now?

Any one of the shots being fired at him might be the last one.

Finally Slade got tired of his fun. The trick shooting was over. His lips set in a hard line. He drew down the cold steel barrel of his pistol slowly and pulled the trigger. That bullet poured straight through the center of Jules' forehead. The riddled, bloody figure sagged against the things that held him—lifeless.



Death at the End of a Rope Was the Usual Punishment Meted Out to Law Breakers in the Turbulent Days of the Early West. (From an Old Print in the T. F. Healy Collection.)

And Slade kept his promise. In two swift slashes his bowie-knife slit off the ears. One he nailed to the side of the Pony Express station for all who wanted to see. The other he carried, as he said he would, as a watch-charm and a pocket-piece.

Long after the killing of Jules it was Slade's favorite trick to saunter into one of the frontier saloons, throw a grisly, dried ear on the bar, and demand:

"How about a drink for that?"

I don't know any time he didn't get it.

BUT booze, whether he got it for a dried ear or cash, was his downfall. He couldn't keep his hands off his forty-four when he began swigging the bottle. He shot up every town he came to when he was on a spree.

It got so bad the Overland finally fired him.

But that didn't stop him. Slade had been a freighter and a good one, so he went back to that, moving into Montana where they struck gold at Alder Creek.

The Pony Express saw no more of him, but Montana saw plenty. When Slade pulled out of the Overland he took his wife, Virginia, with him. There was a royal woman if the West ever saw one and it saw lots of them as I am to tell you. Where Slade met her I never knew. Some said she had been a dancehall girl and I reckon that's right, because she sure was as pretty as a Spring flower.

But beauty wasn't all she had. She had courage, lots of nerve and was just about as handy with a six-shooter as her husband.

One time a gang of outlaws caught Slade. They were about to string him up, but he made such an argument to see his wife just once more before he died that they agreed to send for her.

They locked Slade up in a log cabin while one of the bunch went after his wife. A few hours she galloped up.

"He's in there." The ringleader nodded toward the door. "But don't be long. This is a special favor he don't deserve."

"Thanks, mister." She smiled. "I won't be long."

She wasn't. She looked so innocent the gang forgot to search her. But once inside the cabin she turned pistols out of her clothes like out of a hardware store.

"Here, Joe," she said, handing over two guns. "Come on!"

Before the outlaws knew what was up the pair leaped into the doorway, guns blazing. Virginia jumped into the saddle. Joe swung on behind her. By the time Slade's captors could get their horses the fleeing couple were miles on their way to safety.

The day came not long after that when Virginia rode again to save her husband, but this time she rode too late.

After the Slades moved to Montana they got a ranch about ten miles from the new town of Virginia City. Joe was making money at the freight business and I figure his pretty wife

thought a ranch to tie to might steady him down a bit.

But it didn't. Virginia ran the ranch, Joe ran Virginia City, for a while. He couldn't keep away from the dancehalls and the saloons. Worse than that, he couldn't lay off the red-eyes that made a devil out of him every time he got a skunkful.

That got to be pretty often and every time it happened Slade made a wreck out of Virginia City. They always said it took a wreck to clean up the damage Joe Slade did in one night's drunk.

He pet sport was shooting out lights. Drink or no he could hit a nailhead at thirty paces.

He used to ride his horse into a bar, call for a glass of whiskey, then shoot the lights out in exchange for the bartender's hospitality. Sometimes he made targets out of the whiskey bottles, or it might be mirrors or window glass. Whatever form his rampage took, it always was equal to a riot.

It got so bad that stores, saloons and dancehalls closed their doors and bolted windows whenever word got out that "Slade's in town."

Well, the folks in Virginia City weren't made of the kind of stuff that would stand that for a steady diet. The Vigilantes had just got through hanging the Plummer gang of outlaws. They thought the camp might settle down after that cleanup, but Slade wouldn't let it.

He was arrested two or three times and hauled up before Judge Alexander Davis, the head of the people's court. The judge fined him and warned him he was playing with fire. Slade's friends tried their best to keep him out of trouble. They said he didn't mean any harm. At least he'd cut cutting the ears off his victims. They thought that showed some improvement.

ONE night in the early part of March in '64 Joe ambled into the town's fanciest dancehall. He had quite an eye for the ladies and usually began steaming up in a dancehall whenever he hit town. A couple of his pals were tagging on his heels.

The dancehall was run by a gal called Molly Featherless. She was a frontier beauty who got her fancy name from the feathery ornaments she wore on the bottom of her skirt.

I reckon I don't need to explain that. Molly Featherless didn't run any Sunday School classes in her spare time. She was just as good and just as bad as the rest of her kind. She could take care of herself in pretty tough company, but that didn't mean Slade's. He'd been there before and she knew what to expect. He was too hard on lights and furniture.

The piano player was thumping out a tune on an old square piano. Several couples were dancing. Others were lined up at the bar.

Joe called for whiskey. After a couple stiff snorts looked down

his throat Joe's interest began shifting from the girls to his six-shooters. After a practice whiff or two with them he let fly at the lights. The piano player ducked for cover as a bullet splintered a chunk out of the floor behind him. The girls yelled and swore at the trouble-maker.

"That's a good start," he laughed. "Now, I'm gonna take this damn place apart."

Molly wasn't easy to buffalo. She faced the desperado in the dim light that filtered in from the street.

"Joe Slade," she yelled, "you've busted up my place for the last time! Now put them guns up an' git 'em out o' here!"

"An' what if I don't want to?" Molly said. "Now git."

A couple more shots tore through the walls as the terror of the Overland toyed with his pistols. "Jus' whadda you aim to do about it, Molly?"

"I'll set 'em Viglantes on you. The town's mighty tight 'o' your hell-makin'. Now git."

"The Viglantes, eh? Well, I'm one o' 'em, Molly. Let's start 'round housecleanin' right here."

With that Slade did start. Chairs went out the windows. Tables were smashed. Bottles were broken. The piano toppled onto the pile of wreckage with a tinny bang.

"Awwright, Molly, now bring on your Viglantes!"

But Molly was gone before the wrecking was finished. She was madder than a ducked cat when she found the judge.

"What good did it do to hang th' Plummer gang if you're gonna let Joe Slade shoot th' town to pieces over 'some damn drunk?" Molly shouted. "I want him arrested an' I want him made to pay for wreckin' my place!"

Judge Davis drew up a warrant for arrest as the shouts and shots of Slade and his carousing cronies still echoed through Alder Creek. They made it a hell that night from Molly's place they went the streets leaving a trail of wreckage.

One saloon Joe led his horse in with him. He thought his steed needed a little shot of ginger too.

He demanded a bottle of wine and tried to make the horse drink it.

When daylight came Sheriff Fox started out to arrest Slade. He didn't want to tackle him in the dark and thought maybe the judge might be cooled off a little by morning. But he wasn't.

However, he didn't put up a fight. He went along with the sheriff to see Judge Davis, his drunken companions binging up the rear. But just as the judge started to read the warrant for his arrest Joe grabbed the paper out of his hands, tore it in pieces, and stomped it into the ground.

"Who said I was arrested?" Slade started backing away from Davis and Fox. The cocked pistols of his pals covered his departure. "Come on, fellows!"

Up the street they swaggered, shouting and swearing, still bosses of Virginia City.

NOW the people's court had been set up by the Vigilantes. Slade had defied it. That called

(Continued on Page 18)

"IDEAL" AIRMAN ONCE A SKINNY BOY



REMEMBER "SKINNY"? Well, even a scrawny little fellow can grow up to be a top notch flyer, and you know how strict air service requirements are. Fortunately for their future careers, many youngsters take Scott's Emulsion to supplement a deficient diet. This world-known tonic is recommended by many doctors because it is rich in vital elements every child needs—Vitamin A and D—that aid in promoting proper growth, strong bones and sound teeth. Scott's Emulsion also helps build resistance to colds and other minor winter ills if a child is deficient in Vitamin A and D. Good-tasting, economical, and 4 times easier to digest than plain cod liver oil. Buy today at your drugist!

SCOTT'S EMULSION
Great Year-Round Tonic For All Ages

WHEN YOUR STOMACH



When youngsters abuse their stomachs, don't make matters worse by giving overdoes of antacids or harsh, drastic physical.

Try giving gentle, soothing PEPTO-BISMOL, to help relieve stomach upsets caused by over-indulgence, change of diet, nervous, heavy eating, or bad combinations of food. It's pleasant to the taste. At all drug stores.

Pepto-Bismol

By the makers of "KID" and "NORWICH"

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY is the mightiest of magazines.

WHO'S TELLING WHO?

WE'RE NOT TELLING YOU!

We're not asking you to take our word that Modess is softer. We want you to listen, instead, to what thousands of women like yourself told us!

10,000 WOMEN ARE TELLING YOU!

More than 10,000 women all over the country were asked to feel two napkins and choose the softer. One was Modess—the other was the napkin they'd been buying. 3 out of every 4 voted Modess softer—softer than the napkin they had been buying.

SO SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE!

If you, too, are using another napkin, this verdict ought to startle you into trying Modess. Take a tip from these women. Get Modess next time you buy napkins. See for yourself if you've been missing out on extra comfort.

AND IF YOU DON'T AGREE—

with millions of Modess fans that Modess is softer, more comfortable than any napkin you've ever used, just return the package insert slip to the Personal Products Corporation, Milltown, N. J., together with a letter stating your objections. We'll gladly refund your full purchase price.

*Let us send you the full details of this amazing Softness Test. Write the Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

3 out of every 4 voted
Modess softer

THAN THE NAPKIN THEY'D BEEN BUYING

Pronounce Modess to rhyme with "Oh Tea"

(Continued from Page 13)

"time," repeated the Judge rather indignantly. "I was presiding at night court then. In New York."

The reason was over but I was still there in my office when it happened. It happened right outside the courthouse, right out there in the street. From where I was sitting, I could hear the crash. That dreadful, splintering crash.

He stopped, passing a hand over his eyes. Mrs. Salter went to him, laying her bony hand on his arm, all the misery in the world in her eyes.

"John, dear . . . please."

The Judge did not seem to hear her or even to see her. The hand dropped to his side. He looked at me, his face drawn, ashen like a ghost's face.

"I heard the crash, Doctor Westlake, while I was actually there in my office. There was a commotion and then—then someone ran in and said that . . . that a taxi had crashed into a street light immediately outside. The taxi was smashed to pieces and . . . and the passenger had been killed outright," they said. It . . . it didn't seem anything to concern me personally. They told me the taxi driver was unconscious too. They were bringing them both inside, they said—into my office."

The story was piecing itself together now. Of course it was Grace Salter's lower lip was trembling. "They brought them in, Doctor. They brought the taxi driver in first. He was unconscious, but he was seeking of liquor. He'd obviously been very drunk. A taxi driver drunk on duty! I looked at him. And he was that man . . . this man who was here tonight. The man I knew later as Albert Williams."

"John, dear," pleaded Mrs. Salter. "If it has to be told let me tell it. Please let me tell it."

But the Judge shook his head. In a small, icy voice, he continued: "They brought the passenger in, too, Doctor Westlake. They brought him into the ante-room. His back was broken, his face was cut to pieces. He was dead . . . dead. But that wasn't all. His clothing was soaked in whisky, too . . . whisky everywhere. And . . . and pinned onto his coat was a large square card. There were words on it. I read 'I'm sorry. I saw the message before I even recognized who it was. The message said: 'THIS IS THE MODEL SON OF JUDGE SALTER. KINDLY RETURN HIM TO HIS FATHER AT THE NIGHT COURT.'"

The Judge stopped, the last vestige of color draining from his lips. He stared at me and I stared back. It was as brutal and horrible a story as I had ever heard.

"I saw then, Doctor. I recognized that dead boy lying there on the couch. It was my own son. It was Jimmie."

"But—but, Judge, what . . . who wrote that message? Why was that message pinned on to him?"

"I didn't know. Till this day I don't know. No one knows." Judge Salter's voice was almost a whisper now. "The taxi driver was unconscious. I told you that. They took him to a hospital. He . . . he had some kind of concussion. When he came round, he couldn't remember anything. Or he pretended he couldn't remember anything. We knew, of course, that he'd been drunk. We knew that it was through his criminal carelessness that Jimmie had died. But he killed my boy." He paused. "But he always claimed he had forgotten everything that had happened before the accident. That's why when . . . when he was later tried for manslaughter, he only got a two year sentence. Because he'd lost his memory." The Judge added with sudden vehemence: "Two years! That man killed my Jimmie and he'd only got two years in jail. If he'd been trying him, I'd have given him life . . . life!"

He sank into a chair then, covering his face with his hands. "He killed my Jimmie—just before he was going to be married. Just when life was opening before him. He killed my son."

The words drifted into a little sobbing sigh. It was obvious that the Judge had said his say. And as I looked at that frail, hunched figure, I felt an almost overwhelming pity for him. There was something hauntingly poignant about so much naked suffering, still fresh and quick in him after two long years.

Grace Salter moved to his side. Very gently she laid a hand on his shoulder.

"John, dear, you've told the doctor everything now. You've been very brave. But you mustn't torment yourself any more. You mustn't. Please, come with me. Come out and sit in the car. You need rest. I'll speak just a little longer with Doctor Westlake and then I'll drive you home."

The Judge shook himself. Uncertainly he looked up at me, trying to keep his face under control. "—I felt you had to know the truth, Doctor, because because of what happened to Norma. I don't pretend to know if there is any connection. But I do know that that if Albert Williams is here . . ."

"He broke off. 'I understand,' I said. 'And I'm very grateful to you, Judge. Very grateful indeed.'"

He left then, letting his wife guide him out to his car as patiently as a little boy.

Very soon Grace Salter returned. All the tenderness had hardened out of her face now that we were alone. She looked crisp, indomitable and, I thought, very on her guard.

"Doctor, I must ask you a few questions."

"Go ahead, Mrs. Salter."

"This is true, is it? This is true that you think Norma was murdered and . . . and that a murder attempt was made on Karen last night?"

"There seems to be no question about it."

"And this . . . this taxi driver, this Albert Williams? You think he is somehow involved?"

"There seems no question about that, either."

Mrs. Salter paused. From her face, she seemed to be making some quick mental calculation. "In that case, it is in the interests of justice that you know the real truth about Jimmie's death, isn't it? The whole truth?"

I stared at her. "You don't mean that your husband . . ."

"Oh, no, John was telling the truth to the best of his own knowledge; of course he was. But he—"

RIDDLE in RED



"But Who Is He? What Possible Motive Could He Have for Wanting to Kill Karen and Norma?"

Asked Mrs. Salter, "All I Know About Him," Replied Dr. Westlake, "Is That He Is a Taxi Driver."

John always had an exaggerated high opinion of our son, Doctor Westlake. To him, Jimmie was the model son. I . . . I always tried to make it possible for him to go on believing that even now Jimmie's dead, I try to keep up the illusion, but . . ."

SHE hesitated. I had no idea of what was coming next. "Jimmie wasn't a good boy, Doctor Westlake. Grace Salter's lips were very tight. He was charming, yes, handsome, and he had that easy sweetness that . . . that deceived his father. But he didn't deceive me. When he was still in his teens, I—I knew that he . . . he drank. His eyes were still cold and impersonal and I could tell that she'd rather have died than let me guess how much it hurt her to have to make these confessions. And . . . and then he made up to—any red-headed girl he met. That was how he was, always red-headed girls. He was very clever about it. No one knew he . . . he was drunk almost every evening; no one knew about his . . . his affairs. No one but me and . . . and later someone else."

(To Be Continued Next Week)

The events and characters depicted in this serial are fictitious and any apparent similarity to actual persons living or dead is merely a coincidence.

Will your Scalp stand the Fingernail Test?



SCRATCH YOUR HEAD and see for yourself. Is your scalp dandruff-prone? Is the scalp of your hair? Don't let it! Use Wildroot-with-Oil. The famous Wildroot formula that's been changing dandruff scales for 20 years, plus pure vegetable oil that grows your hair faster.



YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS! It's a get a bottle of Wildroot-with-Oil today! Its safe, powerful action gets to the heart of dandruff, removes scales, restores hair's natural shine. Available in four popular sizes. Professional applications at your barber.

WILDROOT with OIL

3 action FOR GOOD LOOKING HAIR

Know the Thrill a Lovelier Skin can Bring You... Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This charming bride is Mrs. Charles H. Conner, Jr., of Charlotte, N. C. The flower-freshness of her skin speaks volumes for the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet care she gives it—"Regularly, constantly, forever," she says.

Like so many other brides Mrs. Conner is devoted to the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. And she can follow her way to greater loveliness! No woman's skin can be truly beautiful if, among other things, she mars it through improper care. Mrs. Conner's skin is a wonderful proof of what proper care can do. "I couldn't think of neglecting my 'Mild-Soap' Diet routine. I use Camay faithfully morning and night," she says.

Skin specialists advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild-soap. And one that is just as lovely as soap itself. That's why the 10 famous girls on the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet!

Put your complete face and hair to follow in Camay's footsteps. Follow the "Mild-Soap" Diet faithfully. And the results will be so beautiful you'll expect to see your skin better than any other.

Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and the chin. Rub with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashing.

Then, while you sleep, the pore openings in your skin are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning, one more quick session with this milder Camay and your face is ready for makeup.

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How One Tragic Mistake Can Add Years to Your Face!



CERTAIN SHADES of powder set her face in a flattering light in this photo. But, if you use the wrong shade, it will make you look older than you are. Even the most beautiful woman can look older than she is if she chooses the wrong shade of powder.

One Sure Way to Avoid This Mistake

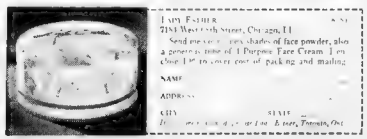
WHENEVER I see a woman who is the innocent victim of an unflattering shade of powder, I think "What a pity! She's adding tragic years to her face, making her look older than she is so needlessly!"

Your face powder should *improve* your appearance, flatter you, make you look younger and lovelier. Otherwise it is not a true face powder.

The whole secret is finding the exactly *right* shade of powder for you—the shade that gives your skin new plumpness, new enchantment. And now you can! Yes, now you can find your most flattering shade of face powder—without guesswork.

How to find your Lucky Shade

Here's how: Send today for the 9 thrilling new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all, one after another, right on your own skin. Keep looking in your mirror—it will tell you when you've found your Lucky Shade!



THIS, as other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, is read by one out of every five families in the United States.

TRY PROCTER & GAMBLE'S NEW SUCCESS! DUZ does Everything—ALL 3 KINDS OF WASH



1 DIRTY TOWELS—DUZ DOES 'EM FAR WHITER!

2 DUZ GETS GRIMY WORKCLOTHES CLEAN SO EASY!

3 YET DUZ IS REALLY SAFE EVEN FOR PRETTY RAYON UNIES!

HURRY—get your box today—get this new soap for everything. So new, so different, so wonderful. Duz turns out such snowy towels it's a thrill to see them sparkle in the sun! Up to 25% whiter than many soaps we've tested. Even gray overalls are

easy. Yet this same soap—DUZ—is really safe for pretty rayon undies. Just notice the big tubful of rich, thick suds Duz piles up. One look and you won't be surprised that Duz does everything. Does away with clouds of soapy suds, too. Get Duz today.

(Continued from Page 16)

for action. A hurry-up meeting of the committee was called. Slade had his last chance. He'll have to hang.

It was the death warrant. No time was lost. A messenger galloped out of town to round up the Vigilantes at the nearby camp of Nevada. A couple hundred corn-faced men marched into town.

While this was going on one of the committee members ran into Slade. "Joe, you're not a bad sort when you're sober," he said. "Any you better get sober quick 'cause there's hell to pay. Now, get your horse and hitch it for home as fast as you can get there."

"Why, whadda you mean?" Slade still had no inkling of the coming storm.

"You know what I mean, Joe. You know this country where it gets riled up. I'm warnin' you. It's your last chance."

The drunken Slade climbed on his horse and started. But as he rode down the street to the edge of town one of his companions of the riotous night spotted him.

"Hi, Joe," he shouted. "What you headin' for? Come on an have another drink."

Slade's innards were gnawing for something. Maybe one more drink would help. He stepped off the pony, looked around with his friend and made for the nearest bar.

When he walked out the street was filled with hard-looking men. He knew now what the commotion meant.

Slade was awed. I reckon for the first time in his life. He hurried to Judge Davis.

"I'm sorry, Judge," Slade was sobbing up fast. "I didn't mean no harm. I apologize."

"I'm afraid it's too late," Davis replied. "Your fate is out of my hands now."

Outside there was a growing sound of marching feet.

"Company, halt!"

It was the Vigilantes from Nevada. The commanding officer stepped into the room.

"Slade, you're under arrest and sentenced to hang by order of the committee," the leader said. "If you have any business to settle be quick about it."

The man who had stood up to punch him first began to shake. He pleaded and begged for his life like a baby. He knew most of the men before him. But there was no look of hope in a single eye.

"Anyway let me see my dear wife again before I die," he cried.

One of his friends slipped out of the fringe of the crowd, mounted his horse, and headed for the Slade ranch at full gallop.

Well, the Vigilantes knew their job would be a lot harder if Virginia Slade got there before Joe swung. Late in the night, she was pretty and everybody liked her. They didn't fancy the idea of hanging a man with his wife looking on.

Besides, they knew Virginia was no green hand with a ax-shooter. And there were some

RIDIN' TRAIL BACK TO THE OLD WILD WEST

In that crowd who weren't sure it was right to hang a man just for getting drunk and shooting up the town.

The Vigilantes moved fast. A pole was thrown over the high corral gate back of the main street. The rope was fastened around Slade's neck.

His executioners backed him onto an empty dry-goods box. He probably had freighted into the country himself.

All the time Slade kept begging for his life.

"Men," he yelled, "you can't mean to hang me! Why must I die? Where is my wife?"

One of Slade's friends leaped to the scaffold beside him. He argued with all that was in him. The Vigilantes didn't budge.

"You won't hang Slade 'til you kill me," he shouted. His hands dropped to his pistol grips. "An' I'll take some of you with me."

Before he could draw, a hundred rifles were trained on him. He backed down, beaten.

A murmur ran through the crowd.

"There she comes! Ridin' hell for leather!"

On a black stall, several miles away, was a hard-drinking figure, trailed by a rising cloud of dust.

"Men, do your duty!"

The top of a dozen heads jerked up from under Slade's feet. The fist broke his neck. He died instantly.

A few minutes later the crowd fell back as a team-covered horse lunged through the street. Virginia, riding on his back, was flying. Jones, behind her, shook his shoulders. Her eyes blazed with fury as she took in the scene—and saw the body of her husband.

An old friend of mine, George Silverberg, was one of the Vigilantes. He rode up to the crowd.

"Virginia rode up and down the street that day screaming like a crazy woman an' cursin' everybody in sight," George told me.

After she got that out of her system the woman in her came out. She let down and started to cry.

"Oh, why did you have to hang him?" she screamed at the bystanders.

I reckon it didn't matter to the deceased, but it was supposed to be a disgrace to meet death by hanging. If you got shot full of lead that wasn't so bad.

"Why didn't some of you who called him friend shoot him to save him from this?" she wept. "I'd done it if I'd been here in time."

Anybody who knew Virginia Slade knew she would have done just that. Virginia vowed that her husband's body shouldn't rest on Montana soil. They didn't have embalmers, so they put Joe Slade in a vat of alcohol. I reckon it kept him from rotting, considering how much he had in him.

As soon as the crowd opened up his wife took his body to Salt Lake City and had it buried there.

Slade of the Overland was dead but the tales of his deeds were told around the campfires and

saloons of the Old West for many a year. He still was the chief topic of barroom palaver in Julesburg when I rode in there with the last trail herd of cattle I brought up from Texas before heading into the Black Hills.

BUT before I go on with the story of some of the other famous characters of the Pony Express days maybe I'd better tell you a little more about the Overland mail system work.

Stagecoaches from the Missouri River to Salt Lake traveled about a hundred and twenty-five miles a day. When Russell and Majors laid out a schedule for the Pony mail they figured to double that speed, cover two hundred and fifty miles every twenty-four hours. When they got the kinks ironed out they came mighty close to making it.

The first mail went through in ten days, but some of the boys, riding the Western division over the Sierra Madre Mountains, had to plunge through snow drifts twenty feet deep to get through. Later they cut the time to nine days in good weather.

At the start the relay stations where riders changed horses were between twenty and twenty-five miles apart. The half-wild horses they rounded up for the job were about the toughest critters that ever packed leather, but it was asking too much of any horse to run that far at their fastest gallop. So they made more relay points, one about every ten or twelve miles, where fresh stock was kept waiting for the incoming riders.

Sometimes a tired rider would gallop up to his last station only to find the relief rider had been killed or wounded by the Indians. Maybe the station had been

burned and the horses stolen. There was nothing to do but ride on.

Yes sir, some of those fellows that I want to tell you about sure rode to fame and not much else. It was a man-killing job. If the Indians and outlaws didn't get you hard riding was liable to.

Quite a few had their horses shot from under them by roving Indians. They couldn't hit the very riders so often, but it wasn't hard to put a bullet in a galloping horse. When that happened the riders pulled the moccasins off the saddle and trudged to the next relay station on foot.

Only once was the mail lost. The Indians usually didn't bother it when they killed a rider, but in one case they carried it off with the saddle. However, the Government got most of it back in a raid on a band of Indians about two years later.

A lot of riders weren't able to stand it more than a few months. Some of them died soon after they quit. The pay was good, \$125 a month and "found."

Of course the "found" wouldn't lure anybody away from home cooking. The stock traders at the relay stations didn't have any chef's diplomas. They could fry bacon or an antelope steak and make a coppery-looking sort of salt-rising bread. I reckon you needed to pound leather for a hundred miles to be hungry enough to eat it.

It cost five dollars to send an ordinary letter across the continent by Pony Express when the Overland mail was started. The first rider out of San Francisco carried eighty-five letters. The westbound rider had about the same number.

At the start the trips were made once a week. Later the

run was made twice a week. At that time the postage rate was cut to a dollar a letter.

Every rider had to take an oath and sign a pledge before he was hired. Alexander Majors, one of the founders of the Pony Express, was a temperance man and wouldn't stand for any swearing by any of his employees, at least where he could hear it.

So this is the oath each one of his men had to take:

"I do hereby swear before the great and living God that during my engagement, and while I am employee of Russell, Majors and Waddell, I will under no circumstances use profane language, that I will drink no intoxicating liquors; that I will not quarrel or fight with other employees of the firm. So help me God."

Now that was a pretty stiff pledge for anybody to live up to. The riders weren't drinking men. They couldn't hit the jug and stand the pace, but I never knew of any who couldn't hold their own in a cussing contest.

It's a sure thing that Joe Slade forgot his oath. If he hadn't he might have died in bed instead of kicking at the end of a rope with his boots on.

Next week I'll tell about some of the "hair-raising" experiences of the riders through that Indian country; of "Pony Bob" Haden and his famous ride that was tried about around the hitchhiker's racks for years; of "Old Pancake" and his restless wife and Nevada, when the Comstock Lode became one of the greatest bonanzas of all time.

(To Be Continued Next Week)



NOW! Be SURE of FLAKY PIE CRUST!

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Wouldn't you love it if making a lovely flaky pie meant no more guesswork than making muffins? Everything measured out just so!

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But now, New Crisco gives you another boost to sure pastry success! Crisco and its new pastry method make the 2 big causes of toughness—using too much water and over-handling the dough.

New Crisco method makes you doubly sure!

Read the details of amazing new Crisco pastry method at the right. No guesswork in it! See how it ends 2 big causes of tough crust. Don't forget—this method was perfected especially for Crisco. We don't promise Crisco's sure-fire success with just any shortening! So be sure to use Crisco and only Crisco.

NEW "SURE-MIX" CRISCO FOR FLAKY PIES

NEW! EASY! Crisco's Sure-Fire Pastry Method

DOUBLE-CRUST MEASUREMENTS

2 cups sifted flour • 1 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cup Crisco • 1 1/2 cup water*

*Water—its only moisture—must be added in form of water in use. Standard recipe doesn't say so, but more water is the first big cause of tough pastry. That's what you need!

Put flour and salt into bowl. Take out 1/4 cup of this flour and mix with the 1/4 cup of water to form a paste. Add Crisco to remaining flour and mix with knife, fork or blender until the pieces are the size of small peas.

Next, add flour-portion to Crisco-flour mixture. Mix thoroughly until the dough comes together and can be shaped into a ball. (Notice—the dough is moist—this is due to the moisture in the Crisco. So this method spares you from kneading the dough—the second big cause of tough pastry.) Divide in half—roll out both crusts about 1/8 inch thick. (All this is done with 1 tablespoon water.)

ONE-CRUST MEASUREMENTS:

1 1/2 cup sifted flour • 1/2 cup Crisco • 1/2 cup water • 1/2 cup flour and blend with 1 tablespoon water.

APPLE PIE WITH TOASTED CHEESE TOP

The year's favorite apple pie filling and double-crust method—this new Crisco recipe is so easy to make, it's a thrill to see them sparkle in the sun! Up to 25% whiter than many soaps we've tested. Even gray overalls are

FOODS FRIED IN CRISCO ARE SO DIGESTIBLE CHILDREN MAY EAT THEM!

Try Soups + Save Time and Effort

U-TO-DATE housewives are fully aware of the nutritive value of good soups. It may be stated at the outset that, portion-for-portion, there is nothing to equal either canned soup, condensed soup, or the several other forms of material manufactured for serving soup easily and quickly. Today, the home manager may be assured of the utmost in quality, both as to freshness and care in manufacture, of all such soups, and a supply should at all times be kept in her pantry.

But we are here speaking of soup in terms of family, or large-quantity efforts—of the old-fashioned "soup-pot," which did not offer a small cup as an appetizer at the start of the meal, but of soup as indeed it may well be, as an entire meal in itself.

The basis of a good soup is rich broth, stock, or extractive juices of meats, plus the extractive or mineral elements of vegetables and other ingredients added later. The first step is to cover whatever meat is used, with a proportion of cold water, using about a quart of water (and 1 teaspoon salt) to each pound of meat.

Allow the meat to soak an hour from 10 minutes to an hour in the cold salted water, before setting the pot to boil, to withdraw the maximum juices at the start. Then set on the fire, partially covered, and simmer slowly until meat almost "falls apart," as the housewife expresses it, until the marrow has left the hollow bones, and the utmost flavor has been withdrawn.

During this simmering period, it is necessary to skim the soup of the foamy scum which rises as the liquid boils, although many good cooks omit this step by using a very low heat and a different handling later. If a particularly large batch is being prepared, vegetables, spices, etc. may be cooked with the meat and bones, the whole strained through a fine sieve, set to chill, and the fat allowed to rise and harden overnight.

From this point on, we have what the French refer to as their "stock"—out of which dozens of soups may be fashioned. By adding chopped or cut vegetables, including rice, soup-macaroni, products, noodles, etc., the soup is given additional interest and nourishment.

Veteran housewives know all this—but what of the more recent home-maker, to whom a "soup-kitchen" may be a novel idea?

What meat may be used, and what other ingredients to add to this "stock"? Any meat, but preferably beef, mutton and veal—and poultry. Good cuts are the shin bone (or shank) and the chuck, and the rump in beef; the knuckle in veal; the bones of the co-tail; and the familiar "soup chicken" of the meat-dealers' bargain special.

By using a good solid 3-pound piece of chuck, for example, and stopping the simmering just short of making the meat fibres disintegrate, one has a solid eating piece, excellent for hot and also for cold eating. The brisket is another fine cut; so are what are known as "short ribs" or "steaks"—those long narrow, but so sweet ribs which support the prime rib roast. Cracked in half, a set of these "short ribs" makes delicious broth, and tender eating later.

The first point to chalk up in favor of the old-fashioned soup-pot is that no other vegetables need be cooked separately, when

By Mrs. Christine Frederick, The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

plenty are in the soup. In short, in place of paring potatoes for mashing, cleaning spinach, shell-peas or scrapie carrots, to use as separate vegetables, all may go into the soup-pot, in one trip, in one utensil—and with only one pot to watch, instead of three. Time-saving, then, and fuel-saving, are big talking points in favor of the family soup-pot.

Again, as has been pointed out to us scores of times by nations less fortunate in the past than we are, when the stock-pot becomes a true culinary "milling-pot" of the kitchen—everything goes in with its special, native characteristics, but emerges a unified dish. The tail-ends of steak; chops; the left-over scraping and gravy of any meat platter; the small left-over saucer of vegetables from the day before—everything goes into the pot.

No trouble to get your daily vitamin quota if you eat a generous plate of soup at least once a day—no cooking water goes down the drain, all is conserved in the soup-pot.

Why were the Scots such good soup-makers? Leaving aside the pleasant fact that they were thrifty and stingy (they had to be!)—and thus conserve every bit of left-overs from every plate—the real reason dates back to their Queen, the ill-fated Mary of Scotland. She was reared at the French Courts, and when she returned to dour Edinburgh, she brought with her a train of French chefs and cooks and it is due to their culinary skill that the Scots became noted for their fine soups, their pasty or meat pies, and their various cakes and sweetmeats.

One vegetable almost always included in a Scots soup is the leek—that long, green onion with a mild flavor and bright, attractive color; barley and oatmeal were used as thickening, none better to this day. Dr. Johnson and many other famous men extolled the Scots soups. Then, too, in those days, many churchmen were gourmets. It is to them, perhaps, that the Scots kitchen owed its unusual game soups, its rabbit soups, and its epicurean cock and pheasant soups, steeped in flavor with wines like port or claret. No watery broths for them!

A passing word as to how this soup-pot is operated in the writer's kitchen: about 4 quarts of cleared stock is made-up at one time. Vegetables are added as required to small amounts, heated separately as needed; vegetables are shredded on the patent shredders and graters, giving interest in new forms; such items as watercress, chives, and knob celery are daily staples; when parsley is used, only the fuzzy tufts are added at the end; spinach is shredded, and all left-over and wilted lettuce cut with the kitchen shears and dropped in toward the last.

Small cans of tomato paste give tomato flavor thrifly; onions are added only the remaining 10 minutes; never cooked for hours to become brown and lose flavor. Left-over ham and chips of smoked sausage "do something" for most soups of this type, and so do the feet of your chicken, and its neck and giblets, in this crosswise rings.

What shall you have for dinner tomorrow? "Say it with soup," and save time and effort,

Appetizing Menus for the Week by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Prunes, Cereal, Bacon Omelet, Toast, Milk or Coffee.	Breakfast Canned Berries, Whole Grain Cereal, Scrapie, Toast, Coffee.	Breakfast Tomato Juice, Cereal, French Toast with Peach Marmalade, Coffee.	Breakfast Orange Juice, Cereal, Branched Bacon, Griddle Cakes, Coffee.	Breakfast Orange Juice, Cereal, Rolled Omelet, Toasted Rolls, Jam, Coffee.	Breakfast Pineapple, Cereal, Eggs on Toast, Milk or Coffee.	Breakfast Grapes, Cereal, Baked Beans, Honey, Coffee.
Luncheon Vegetable Chowder, Corn Crisps, Mixed Pickles, Mixed Green Salad, French Dressing, Pineapple Tart, Dinner Hot Fruit Punch, Potato Potato Hot Souffle a Browned Potatoes, Sweet Beans, Cold Salad, Mild Seed Dressing, Hot Hot Pudding, Lemon Sauce.	Luncheon Vegetable Chowder, Corn Crisps, Mixed Pickles, Mixed Green Salad, French Dressing, Pineapple Tart, Dinner Hot Fruit Punch, Potato Potato Hot Souffle a Browned Potatoes, Sweet Beans, Cold Salad, Mild Seed Dressing, Hot Hot Pudding, Lemon Sauce.	Luncheon Vegetable Chowder, Corn Crisps, Mixed Pickles, Mixed Green Salad, French Dressing, Pineapple Tart, Dinner Hot Fruit Punch, Potato Potato Hot Souffle a Browned Potatoes, Sweet Beans, Cold Salad, Mild Seed Dressing, Hot Hot Pudding, Lemon Sauce.	Luncheon Vegetable Chowder, Corn Crisps, Mixed Pickles, Mixed Green Salad, French Dressing, Pineapple Tart, Dinner Hot Fruit Punch, Potato Potato Hot Souffle a Browned Potatoes, Sweet Beans, Cold Salad, Mild Seed Dressing, Hot Hot Pudding, Lemon Sauce.	Luncheon Vegetable Chowder, Corn Crisps, Mixed Pickles, Mixed Green Salad, French Dressing, Pineapple Tart, Dinner Hot Fruit Punch, Potato Potato Hot Souffle a Browned Potatoes, Sweet Beans, Cold Salad, Mild Seed Dressing, Hot Hot Pudding, Lemon Sauce.	Luncheon Vegetable Chowder, Corn Crisps, Mixed Pickles, Mixed Green Salad, French Dressing, Pineapple Tart, Dinner Hot Fruit Punch, Potato Potato Hot Souffle a Browned Potatoes, Sweet Beans, Cold Salad, Mild Seed Dressing, Hot Hot Pudding, Lemon Sauce.	Luncheon Vegetable Chowder, Corn Crisps, Mixed Pickles, Mixed Green Salad, French Dressing, Pineapple Tart, Dinner Hot Fruit Punch, Potato Potato Hot Souffle a Browned Potatoes, Sweet Beans, Cold Salad, Mild Seed Dressing, Hot Hot Pudding, Lemon Sauce.

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Almanack Hints

HAVE you a time or money-saving hint to pass on to other worth sharing with other readers? Then—more the merrier! For each such hint sent to the editor in this department we will pay \$1.00. Hints need not be novel or original. Please keep them short and to the point and address: ALMANACK HINTS, P. O. Box 111, Grand Central Annex, New York.

CONTAINER

Before using a new kitchen waste container, coat the inside at the bottom thickly with paraffine wax, this prevents it from rusting which usually happens. Mrs. John Brinker, Park Ridge, Ill.

EXTRACTS

In all hot baked dishes flavoring extracts should be added when food is cold, otherwise much of the flavoring will vanish in steam. Miss Catherine Makary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

CLEANER

When artificial flowers be-

come dusty and soiled, place them in a paper bag (flowers faced down) with a handful of finely ground table salt. Shake and flowers come out very clean and fresh looking.

Mrs. A. Nearhoof, Tyrone, Pa.

MOPPING

When mopping floors I suggest using two pails and two mops, linoleum especially. One mop with less rags called the "suds" mop, the other regular rinsing mop. You will find it saves a lot of unnecessary rinsing and makes a brighter floor. Mrs. Frank Mallare, Jamestown, N. Y.

TOPPING

Tiny buttered bread cubes (fresh or stale) make a far more attractive topping for casseroles than bread crumbs. The cubes form a rough surface which bakes to an appetizing toasty crispness.

Mrs. J. Frank Kelley, Baltimore, Md.

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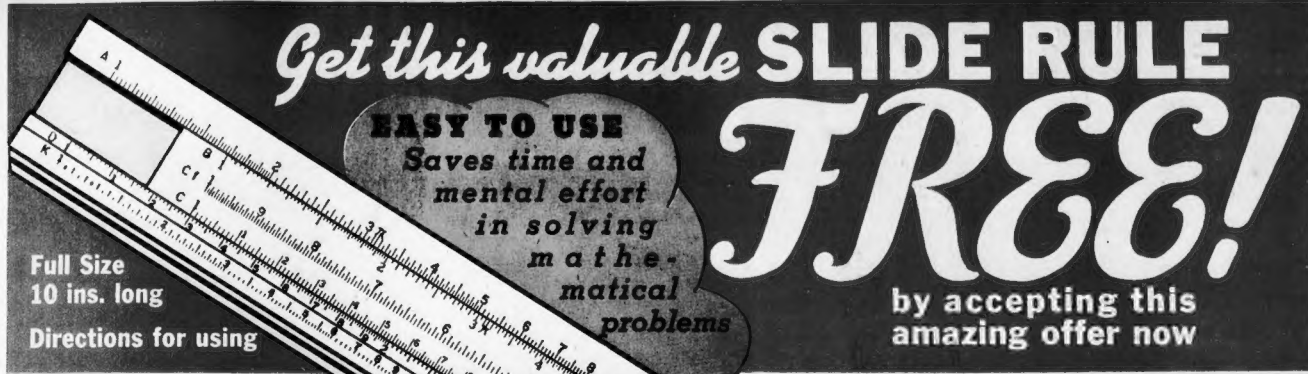


Spry Piecrust

2 1/4 cups sifted all-purpose flour	1/4 cup Spry
1 egg yolk	1 tablespoon water (about)

Sift flour and salt together. Add 1/4 of Spry and cut in until mixture is as fine as meal. Add remaining Spry and continue stirring until particles are size of a large pea. Add water and mix until it holds its shape. With a fork, work lightly into a dough. Add just enough water to moisten. Use Spry and this easy Spry dough for all your pies—be it the compliments on your Spry, Baky, delicate crust!

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